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THOU CANST NOT KNOW.

BY W. REED KEYS.

Dear heart, thou canst not know
The love I give to thee;
Strong as the river's onward flow,
Yet calm and silently.

On ev'ry page of life—
As written hour by hour—
Thine image tints it all,
As sunlight paints the flow'r.

Then let this hidden pow'r
Gleam forth in purity,
To bless and sanctify
The love I give to thee.

A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

THE girl looked up at the cold, formal face, with wonder in her own. Was this to be her romance? Was this to be the end of all her dreams? Instead of passing into a fairer, brighter world, was she to live always in this?

"How can I marry him?" she asked, quickly. "I have never seen him."

"Do not be so impetuous, Hyacinth. You should always repress all exhibition of feeling. I know that you have never seen him. Mr. Darcy is traveling now upon the Continent, and Sir Arthur thinks a short residence abroad would be very pleasant for us. Adrian Darcy always shows us the greatest respect. You will be sure to like him, he is so like us; we are to meet him at Borgheim, and spend a month together, and then we shall see if he likes you."

"Does he know what you intend?" she asked, half shyly.

"Not yet. Of course, in families like our own, marriages are not conducted as with the plebeian classes; with us they are affairs of state, and require no little diplomacy and tact."

"Was my father's a diplomatic marriage?" she asked.

"No," replied Lady Vaughan, "your father pleased himself; but then, remember, he was in a position to do so. He was an only son, and heir of Queen's Chase."

"And I am to be taken to this gentleman. If he likes me, he is to marry me; if not, what then?"

The scornful sarcasm of her voice was quite lost on Lady Vaughan.

"There is no need for impatience. Even then some other plan will suggest itself to us. But I think there is no fear of failure—Mr. Darcy will be sure to like you. You are very good-looking, you have the true Vaughan face, and, thanks to the care with which you have been educated, your mind is not full of nonsense, as is the case with some girls. I thought it better to tell you of this arrangement, so that you may accustom your mind to the thought of it. Everything being favorable, we shall start for Borgheim in the middle of August, and then I shall hope to see matters brought to a sensible conclusion."

"It will not be of any consequence whether I like this Mr. Darcy or not—will it, Lady Vaughan?"

"You must try to cultivate a kindly liking for him, my dear. All the nonsense of love and romance may be dispensed with. Well brought up as you have been, you will find no difficulty in carrying out our wishes. Now draw that blind a little closer, my love, and leave me—I am sleepy. Do not waste your time—go at once to your piano."

* * * * * *

Having acquainted her young relative with the prospective arrangements she made for her, Lady Vaughan composed herself to sleep, and Hyacinth quietly left the room. She dared not stop to think until she was outside the door, in the free, fresh air; the walls of the house seemed to stifle her. Her young soul was awakened, and it rose in a hot glow of rebellion against this new device of fate. She, to be taken abroad and offered meekly to this gentleman! If he liked her, they were to be married; if not, with the sense of failure upon her, she would have to return to the Chase. The thought was intolerable.

Was this the promised romance of her life?

"It is not fair," cried the girl, passionately, as she paced the narrow garden paths—"It is not just. Everything has liberty, love, and happiness—why should not I? The birds love each other, the flowers are happy in the sun—why must I live without love, or happiness, or brightness? I protest against my fate."

Were all the thousand tender and beautiful longings of her life to be thus rudely treated? Was all the poetry and romance she had dreamed of to end in "cultivating a kindly liking" and a diplomatic marriage? Oh, no, it could not be! She shed passionate tears. She prayed, in her wild fashion, passionate prayers. Better for her a thousand times had she been commonplace, unromantic, prosaic—better that the flush of youth and the sweet longings of life had not been hers.

Then a break came in the clouds—a change that was to be most fatal for her. One of the families with whom Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan were most intimate was that of old Colonel Lennox, of Oakton Park.

The Colonel and his wife were both old; but one day they received a letter from Mrs. Lennox, their sister-in law, who resided in London, saying how very pleased they should be to pay them a visit with her son Claude. Mrs. Lennox was very rich. Claude was heir to a large fortune. Still she thought Oakton Park would be a handsome addition, and it would be just as well to cultivate the affection of the childless uncle.

Mrs. Lennox and Claude came to Oakton. Solemn dinner parties, at which the young man with difficulty concealed his annoyance, were given in their honor, and at one of these dreary entertainments Hyacinth and Claude met. He fell in love with her.

In those days she was beautiful as the fairest dream of poet or artist, in the fresh springtide of her loveliness; she was something to see and to remember—she was tall, her figure slender and girlish, full of graceful lines and curves that gave promise of magnificent womanhood.

Her face was of oval shape; the features were exquisite, the eyes of the darkest blue with long dark lashes; her lips were fresh and sweet; her mouth was the most beautiful feature in her beautiful face—it was sweet and sensitive, yet at times slightly scornful; the teeth were white and regular; the chin was faultless, with a pretty dimple in it.

It was not merely the physical beauty, the exquisite features and glorious coloring that attracted; there were poetry, eloquence, and passion within these. Looking at her, one knew instinctively that she was not of the common order—that something of the poet and the genius was there. Her brow was fair and rounded at the temples, giving a great expression of ideality to her face; her fair hair soft, and shining, seemed to crown the graceful head like a golden diadem.

Claude Lennox, in his half-selfish, half-chivalrous way, fell in love with her. He said something to Lady Vaughan about her one day, and she gave him to understand that her grand-daughter was engaged. She did not tell him to whom, nor did she say much about it, but the few words piqued Claude, who had never been thwarted in all his life.

On the first day they met his mother had warned him not to fall in love with that beautiful girl, who might be an heiress or who might have nothing—to remember that in his position he could marry whom he would, and not to throw himself away.

Lady Vaughan, too, on her side, seemed much disposed to forbid him even to speak to Hyacinth. If he proposed calling at Queen's Chase, she either deferred his visit or took good care that Hyacinth should not be in the way; and all this she did, as she believed, unperceived.

Claude Lennox was piqued. He was young, rich, and handsome; he had been eagerly sought by fashionable mothers. He knew that he could marry Lady Constance Granville any day he liked; he had more than a suspicion that the pretty, coquettish, fashionable young widow, Mrs. Delamere, liked him; Lady Crown Hartly had almost offered him her daughter.

Was he to be doffed and set at nought in this way—he, a Lennox, come of a race who had never failed in love or war? No, it should never be; he would win Hyacinth in spite of all. He disarmed suspicion by ceasing, when they met, to pay her any particular attention. His lady-mother congratulated herself; she retired to London, leaving her son at Oakton Park. He said his visit was so pleasant that he could not bring it to a close. The Colonel, delighted with his nephew, entreated him to stay, and Claude said, smilingly, to himself, that he had a fair field and all to himself.

His love for Hyacinth was half-selfish, half-chivalrous. It was pique and something like resentment that made him first of all determined to woo her, but he soon became so interested that he believed his life depended on winning her. She was so different from other girls. She was child, poet, and woman. She had the brightest and fairest of fancies. She spoke as he had never heard any one else speak—as though her lips had been touched with divine fire.

He wondered as he listened to her. She made his heart beat and his pulses thrill. She charmed and fascinated him. He was keen enough and clever enough to see what she was—a girl full of romance and poetry; nay, in some measure, a poet herself, but badly trained.

He saw that all poetry, all imagination, all fancy, had been checked in her for so long that now they ran riot. He understood at once that he had but to prey upon this weakness in noble fashion, and he should win her.

Fortune favored him. He went one morning to the Chase, and found Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan at home—alone. He did not mention Hyacinth's name; but, as he was going out, he gave one of the footmen a sovereign, and learnt from him that Miss Vaughan was walking alone in the wood. She had complained of headache, and "my lady" had sent her out into the fresh air.

Of course he followed her, and found her. He made such good use of the hour that succeeded that she promised to meet him again. He was very careful to keep her attention fixed on the poetry of such meetings; he never hinted at the wrong of concealment, the dishonor of anything clandestine, the beauty of obedience; he talked to her only of love, and of how he loved her and longed to make her his wife. She was very young, very impressionable, very romantic; he succeeded completely in blinding her to the harm and wrong she was doing; but he could not win from her any acknowledgement of her love.

She enjoyed the break in the dull monotony of her life. She enjoyed the excitement of having to find time to meet him. She liked listening to him; she liked to hear him praise her beauty, and rave about his devotion to her. But did she love him? Not if what the poets wrote was true—not if love be such as they describe.

CHAPTER IV.

So for three or four weeks of the beautiful summer this little love story went on. Claude Lennox was an fait as to all the pretty wiles and arts of love. He made a post-office of the trunk of a grand old oak tree—a trunk that was covered with ivy; he used to place letters there every day, and Hyacinth would fetch and answer them.

Those letters won her more than any spoken words; they were eloquently written and full of poetry. She could read them and muse over them; their poetry remained with her.

When she was talking to him, a sense of unreality used to come over her—a vague, uncertain, dreamy kind of conviction that he was in some way not true, that he was saying more than he meant, or that he had said the same things before, and knew them by heart.

His letters won her. She answered them, and in those answers found some vent for the romance and imagination that had never had an outlet before. Claude Lennox, as he read them, wondered at her.

"The girl is a genius," he said; "if she were to take to writing, she would make the world talk of her. I have read all the poetry of the day, but I have never read anything like these lines."

Claude Lennox had been a successful man. He had not been brought up to any profession—there was no need for it; he was to inherit a large fortune from his mother, and he had already one of his own. He had lived in the very heart of society; he had been courted, admired, and flattered as long as he could remember.

Bright-eyed girls had smiled on him, and fair faces grown the fairer for his coming. He had had many loves, but none of them had been in earnest. He liked Hyacinth Vaughan better than any one he had ever met. If her friends had smiled upon him, and everything had been couleur de rose, he would have loved lightly, have laughed lightly, and have ridden away. But because, for the first time in his life, he was opposed and thwarted, frowned upon instead of being met with eagerness, he vowed to himself that he would win her. No one should say that Claude Lennox had loved in vain.

He was a strange mixture of vanity and generosity, of selfishness and chivalry. He loved her as much as it was in his nature to love any one. He felt for her; the descriptions she gave him of her life, its dull monotony, its dreary gloom, touched his heart.

Then, too, his vanity was gratified; he knew that, if he took such a peerlessly beautiful girl to London as his wife, she would be one of the most brilliant queens of society. He knew that she would create an almost unrivalled sensation. She

love, vanity, generosity, selfishness, chivalry, all combined, made him resolve to win her.

He knew that, if he were to go to Queen's Chase and ask permission to woo her, it would be refused him—she would be kept away from him and hurried off to Germany. That was the honest, honorable course, but he felt sure it was hopeless to pursue it. Man of the world as he was, the first idea of an elopement startled him; then he became accustomed to it, and began at last to think an elopement would be quite a romance and a sensation. So, by degrees, he broke it to her. She was startled at first, and then, after a time, became accustomed to it. It would be very easy, soon over, and when they were once married his mother would say nothing; if the Vaughans were wise, they too would be willing to forgive and say nothing.

He found Hyacinth so simple, so innocent and credulous, that he had no great difficulty in persuading her. If any thought of remorse came to him—that, as the stronger of the two, he was betraying his trust—he quickly put the disagreeable reflection away—he intended to be very kind to her after they were married, and to make her very happy.

So he waited in some anxiety for the signal. It was not a matter of life or death with him; neither did he pretend to consider it as such; but he was very anxious, and he hoped she would consent.

The library window could be seen from the park; he had but to walk across it, and then he could see. Claude Lennox was almost ashamed to find how his heart beat, and how nervously his eyes sought the window.

"I did not think I could care about anything so much," he said to himself; "I begin to respect myself for being capable of such devotion."

It was early on Wednesday morning, but he had not been able to sleep. Would she go, or would she refuse? How many hours of suspense must he pass before he knew? The sun was shining gaily, the dew lay on the grass—it was useless to imagine that she would be thinking of her flowers; yet he could not leave the place—he must know.

At one moment his hopes were raised to the highest point—it was not likely that she would refuse. She would never be so foolish as to choose a life of gloom and wretchedness instead of the golden future he had offered her. Then again his heart sank. An elopement! It was such a desperate step; she would surely hesitate before taking it. He walked to the end of the park, and then he returned. His heart beat so violently when he raised his eyes that it seemed to him as if he could hear it—a dull red flush rose to his face, his lips quivered. He had won—the white flowers were there!

There was no one to see him, but he raised his Glengarry cap from his head and waved it in the air.

"I have won," he said to himself; "now for my arrangements!"

He went back to Oakton Park in a fever of anxiety; he telegraphed from Oakton station to the kind old aunt who had never refused him a favor, asking her, for particular reasons which he would explain afterwards, to meet him at Easton Square at six P. M. on Thursday.

"There is some one coming with me whom I wish to put under your charge," he wrote; and he knew she would comply with his request.

He had resolved to be very careful—there should be no imprudence besides the elopement; his aunt should meet them at the station, Hyacinth should go home with her, and remain with her until the hour fixed for the wedding.

They would walk to Oakton station. The only thing he could now do was to wait patiently until the time came when he had appointed to meet her.

Hyacinth had taken her life into her own hands, and the balance had fallen. She had decided to go; this gray, dull, gloomy life she could bear no longer; and the thought of a long dull residence in a sleepy German town with a relative of Lady Vaughan's positively frightened her.

Claude had dazzled her imagination with glowing pictures of the future. She did not think much of the right or wrong of her present behavior; the romance with which she was filled enthralled her. If any one had in plain words pointed out to her that she was acting basely, dishonorably, deceitfully, she would have recoiled in dread and horror; but she did not see things in their true colors.

All that day Lady Vaughan thought her grand-daughter very strange and restless. She seemed unable to attend to her work; she read as one who does not understand. If she was asked a question, her vacant face indicated absence of mind.

"Are you ill, Hyacinth?" asked Lady Vaughan, at last. "You do not appear to be paying the least attention to what you are doing."

The girl's beautiful face flushed crimson.

"I do not feel quite myself," she replied.

Lady Vaughan was not well pleased with the answer. Ill health or nervousness in young people was, she said, quite unendurable—she had no sympathy with either. She looked very sternly at the sweet crimsoned face.

"You have not enough to do, Hyacinth," she said, gravely; "I must find more employment for you. Miss Pinnock called the other day about the clothing club; you had better write and offer your services."

"As though life were not dreary enough," thought the girl, "without having to sew those endless seams by the hour!"

Then, with a sudden thrill of joy, she remembered that her freedom was coming. After this one day there would be no more gloom, no more tedious hours, no more wearisome lectures, no more dull monotony; after this one day all was to be sunshine, beauty, and warmth.

How the day passed she never knew—it was like a long dream to her. Yet something like fear took possession of her when Lady Vaughan said—

"It is growing late, Hyacinth; it is past nine."

She went up to her and kissed the stern old face.

"Good night," she said simply, with her lips, and in her heart she added "good-bye."

She kissed Sir Arthur, who had never been quite so harsh with her, and, as she closed the drawing-room door, she said to herself—

"So I leave my old life behind."

CHAPTER V.

A BEAUTIFUL night—not clear with the light of the moon, but solemn and still under the pale, pure stars; there was a fitful breeze that murmured amongst the trees, rippling the green leaves and stirring the sleeping flowers. The lilies gleamed like pale spectres, the roses were wet with dew, the deer lay under the trees in the park; there was hardly a sound to break the holy calm.

Queen's Chase lay in dark shadow under the starlight, the windows and doors all fastened except one, the inmates all sleeping save one. The great clock in the turret struck ten. Had any been watching, they would have been a faint light in the room where Hyacinth Vaughan slept; it glimmered there only for a minute or two, and then disappeared. Soon afterwards there appeared at the library window a pale, sweet, frightened face; the window slowly opened, and a tall, slender figure, closely wrapped in a dark gray cloak, issued forth from the safe shelter of home, under the solemn stars, to take the fatal step that was to darken her life for so many years.

She closed the window, and then looked up for a minute at the grand old walls, wherein the women of her race had lived and died, yet from which they had never fled in dishonor. A half sigh escaped her lips as she looked. Some doubts of what she was doing stole into her heart—some notion of the terrible step she was taking; but then came the memory of the gloom, the monotony, the sustained misery, and she turned resolutely away.

"Nothing," she thought to herself, "can be worse than the life I have led." Her own words, "rather bitterest pain than such monotony," returned to her, and she walked down the garden paths, across the pleasure grounds, and away to the park, where Claude was to meet her.

She stole along in the darkness and silence, between the trees, till Claude came to meet her; and her heart gave a great bound at his approach, while a crimson flush rose to her face.

"My darling," he said, clasping her hand in his, "how am I to thank you?"

Then she began to realize in some faint degree what she had done. She looked up at Claude's handsome, careless face, and began to understand that she had given up all the world for him—all the world.

"You are frightened, Hyacinth," he said; "but there is no need. Your hand trembles, and your face is so pale that I notice it even by the starlight."

"I am frightened," she confessed. "I have never been out at night before. Oh, Claude, do you think I have done right?"

He spoke cheerily.

"That you have, my darling. Such gloomy cages were never made for bright birds like you; let me see you smile before you go one step farther."

But the face raised to his in the starlight was very pale, and the smile very faint. A great feeling of chivalrous emotion and respect rose in the young man's heart—deeper, truer love than he had ever felt before. He did not clasp his arms round the drooping figure—he did not kiss the pale sweet face—he took her hands in his and held them.

"You must not be frightened, Hyacinth; believe me, you have done right and well. Try to banish all fear—think only of the happy future before us—the past will soon seem to you like a disagreeable dream."

It was almost midnight when they reached Oakton station; the few lamps glimmered fitfully, and there was no one about but the sleepy porters.

"Keep your veil well drawn over your face, Hyacinth," he whispered. "I will get the tickets. Sit down here, and no one need see you."

She obeyed him, trembling in every limb. She sat down on the little wooden bench, her veil closely drawn over her face, her cloak wrapped round her; and then, after what seemed to be but a moment of time, yet was in reality over ten minutes, the train ran steaming into the station. One or two passengers alighted. Claude took her hand and placed her in a first-class carriage—no one had either seen or noticed her—he sprang in after her, the door was shut, the whistle sounded, and the train was off.

"It is done!" she gasped, but her face growing deadly white, and the color fading from her lips. She laid her head back on the cushion. "It is done!" she repeated, faintly.

"And you will see, my darling, that all is for the best."

He would not allow her time either to think or to grow dull. He talked to her until the color returned to her face and the brightness to her eyes. They looked together from the carriage windows, watching the shining stars and the darkened earth, wondering at the beautiful, holy silence of night, until the faint gray dawn broke in the skies. Then a mishap occurred.

The train had proceeded on its way safely enough until a station called Leybridge had been reached. There the passengers for London had to leave it, and await the arrival of the mail train. Hyacinth and Claude left the carriage; the train they had traveled by went on.

"We have not long to wait for the mail train," said Claude; "and then, thank goodness, there will be no more changing until we reach London."

The faint gray dawn of the morning was just breaking into rose and gold, Hyacinth looked pale and cold; the excitement, the fatigue, and the night traveling were rapidly becoming too much for her.

They walked up and down the platform for a few minutes. A quarter of an hour passed—half an hour—and then Claude, still true to his determination that Hyacinth should not be seen, bade her sit down again while he went to inquire at the office the cause of delay. There were several other passengers, for Leybridge Junction was no inconsiderable one.

Suddenly there seemed to arise a scene of confusion in the station. The station-master came out with a disturbed face; the porters were no longer sleepy, but anxious. Then the rumor, whispered first with bated breath, grew—"An accident to the mail train below Lewis. Thirty passengers seriously injured, and half as many killed. Traffic on the line impossible."

Claude heard the sorrowful news with a sad heart. He did not wish Hyacinth to know it—it would seem like an omen of misfortune to her.

"When will the next train start for London?" he asked one of the porters.

"There is none between now and seven o'clock," the man replied.

"Was there ever anything so unfortunate?" muttered Claude to himself.

Leybridge was only twenty miles from Oakton.

"I should not like any one to see me about the station," he thought; "and Hyacinth is sure to be known here. How unfortunate that we should be detained so near home!"

He went out to her. "You must not lose patience, Hyacinth," he said; "the mail train is delayed, and we have to wait here until seven."

She looked up at him, alarmed and perplexed.

"Seven," she repeated—"and now it is only three. What shall we do, Claude?"

"If you are willing, we will go for a walk through the fields. I fancy we shall be recognized if we stop here."

"I am sure we shall—I have often been to Leybridge with Lady Vaughan."

They went out of the station and down the quiet street; they saw an opening that led to the fields.

"You will like the fields better than anywhere else," said Claude, and she assented.

They crossed a stile that led into the fertile clover meadows. It seemed as though the beauty and fragrance of the summer morning broke into full glow to welcome them; the rosy clouds parted, and the sun shone in the full lustre of its golden light; the trees, the hedges, the clover, were all empearled with dew—the drops lay thick, shining and bright, on the grass; there was a faint twitter of birds, as though they were just awakening; the trees seemed to stir with new life and vigor.

"Is this the early morning?" said Hyacinth, looking round. "Why, Claude, it is a thousand times more beautiful than the fulness of day."

CHAPTER VI.

HYACINTH and Claude stood together leaning against the stile. Something in the calm beauty of the summer morning awoke the brightest and purest emotions in him; something in the early song of the birds and in the shining dew-drops made Hyacinth think more seriously than she had yet done.

"I wonder," she said, turning suddenly to her lover, "if we shall ever look back to this hour and repent what we have done?"

"I do not think so. It will rather afford subject for pleasant reflection."

"Claude," she cried suddenly, "what is that lying over there by the hedge? It—it looks so strange."

He glanced carelessly in the direction indicated.

"I can see nothing," he replied. "My eyes are not so bright as yours."

"Look again, Claude. It is something living, moving—something human, I am sure! What can it be?"

He did look again, shading his eyes from the sun.

"There is something," he said, slowly, "but I cannot tell what it is."

"Let us see, Claude; it may be some one ill. Who could be in the fields at this time of the morning?"

"I would rather you did not go," said Claude; "you do not know who it may be. Let me go alone."

But she would not agree to it; and, as they stood there, they heard a faint moan.

"Claude," cried the girl, in deep distress, "some one is ill or hurt; let us go and render assistance."

He saw that she was bent upon it, and held out his hand to help her over the stile. Then, when they were in the meadow, and under the hedge, screened from sight by rich trailing woodbines, they saw the figure of a woman.

"It is a woman, Claude!" cried Hyacinth; and then again a faint moan fell on their ears.

Hastening to the spot, she pushed aside the trailing eglantines. There lay a girl, apparently not much older than herself, fair of face, with a profusion of beautiful fair hair lying tangled on the ground. Hyacinth bent over her.

"Are you ill?" she asked. But no answer came from the white lips.

"Claude," cried Hyacinth, "she is dying! Make haste; get some help for her!"

"Let us see what is the matter first," he said.

The sound of voices roused the prostrate girl. She sat up, looking wildly around her, and flinging her hair from her face; then she turned to the young girl who was looking at her with such gentle wistful compassion.

"Are you ill?" repeated Hyacinth. "Can we do anything to help you?"

The girl seemed to gather herself together with a convulsive shudder, as though mortal cold had seized her.

"No, I thank you," she said. "I am not ill. I am only dying by inches—dying of misery and bad treatment."

It was such a weary young face that was raised to them. It looked so ghastly, so wretched in the morning sunlight, that Hyacinth and Claude were both inexpressibly touched. Though she was poorly clad, and her thin, shabby clothes were wet with dew, and stained by the damp grass, still there was something about the girl that spoke of gentle culture.

Claude bent down, looking kindly on the dreary young face.

"There is a remedy for every evil and every wrong," he said; "perhaps we could find one for you."

"There is no remedy and no help for me," she replied; "my troubles will end only when I die."

"Have you been sleeping under this hedge all night?" asked Hyacinth.

"Yes. I have no home, no money, no food. Something seemed to draw me here. I had a notion that I should die here."

Hyacinth's face grew pale; there was something unutterably sad in the contrast between the bright morning and that crouching figure underneath the hedge.

"Are you married?" asked Claude, after a short pause.

"Yes—worse luck for me," she replied, raising her eyes, with their expression of guilt and misery, to his—"I am married."

"Is your husband ill, or away from you; or what is wrong?" he pursued.

"It is only the same tale thousands have to tell," she replied. "My husband is not ill; he simply drinks all day and all night—drinks every shilling he earns—and when he has drunk himself mad he beats me."

"What a fate!" cried Claude. "But there is a remedy—the law interferes to protect wives from such brutality."

"The law cannot do much; it cannot change a man's heart or his nature; it can only imprison him. And then, when he comes out, he is worse than before. Wise women leave the law alone."

"Why not go away from him, and leave him?"

"Ah, why not? Only that I have chosen my lot, and must abide by it. Though he beats me and ill-treats me, I love him. I could not leave him."

"It was an unfortunate marriage for you, I should suppose," said Hyacinth, soothingly.

The care-worn sufferer looked with her dull, wistful eyes into the girl's beautiful face.

"I was a pretty girl years ago," she said, "fresh and bright and pleasing; I lived alone with my mother; and this man who is now my husband came to our town to work. He was tall, handsome, and strong—he pleased my eyes; he was a good mechanic, and made plenty of money—but he drank even then. When he came and asked me to be his wife, my mother said I had better dig my grave with my own hands and jump into it alive than marry a man who drank."

She caught her breath with a sob.

"I pleased myself," she continued, with a deep sigh—"I had my own way. My mother was not willing for me to marry him, so I ran away with him."

Hyacinth Vaughan's face grew paler.

"You did what?" she asked, gently.

"I ran away with him," repeated the woman; "and, if I could speak now with a voice that all the world could hear, I would advise all girls to take warning by me, and rather break their hearts at home than run away from it."

Paler and paler grew the beautiful young face; and then Hyacinth suddenly noticed that one of the woman's hands lay useless on the grass. She raised it gently, and saw that it was terribly wounded and bruised. Her heart ached at the sight.

"Does it pain you very much?" she inquired.

The woman laughed—a laugh more terrible by far than any words could have been.

"I am used to pain," she said. "I put that hand on my husband's shoulder last night, to persuade him to stay at home and not to drink any more. He took a thick knotted stick and beat it; and yet, poor hand, it was not harming him."

Hyacinth shuddered. The woman went on slowly.

"We had a terrible quarrel last night. He vowed that he would come back in the morning to murder me."

"Then why not go away? Why not seek a safe refuge?"

She laughed again—the terrible, dreary laugh.

"He would find me. He will kill me some day. I know it. But I do not care. I should not have run away from him."

"Why not go home again?" asked Hyacinth.

"Ah, no—there is no returning—no undoing—no going back."

Hyacinth raised the poor bruised hand.

"I am afraid it is broken," she said, gently. "Let me bind it for you."

She took out her handkerchief; it was but a gossamer trifle—fine cambric and lace—quite useless for the purpose required. She turned to Claude and asked for his. The request was a small one; but the whole after part of her life was affected by it. She did not notice that Claude's handkerchief was marked with his name in full—"Claude Lennox." She bound carefully the wounded hand.

"Now," she said, "be advised by us; go away—do not let your husband find you."

"Go to London," cried Claude, eagerly; "there is always work to be done and money to be earned. See—I will give you my address. You can write to me; and I will ask my aunt or my mother to give you employment."

He tore a leaf from his pocket-book and wrote on it—

"Claude Lennox,
200 Belgrave Square, London."

He looked very handsome, very generous and noble, as he gave the folded paper to the woman, with two sovereigns inside it.

"Remember," he said, "that I promise that my mother shall find you some work if you will apply to us."

She thanked him, but no ray of hope came to her poor face. She did not seem to think it strange that they were there—that it was unusual at that early hour to see such as they were out in the fields.

"Heaven bless you!" she said, gratefully. "A dying woman's blessing will not hurt you."

"You will not die," responded Claude, cheerily; "you will be all right in time. Do you belong to this part?"

"No," she replied; "we are quite strangers here. I do not even know the name of the place. We were going to walk to Liverpool; my husband thought he should get better wages there."

"Take my advice," said Claude, earnestly—"leave him; let him go his own road. Travel to London, and get a decent living for yourself there."

"I will think of it," she said, wearily; and then a vague unconsciousness seemed to steal over her face.

"You are tired," said Hyacinth, gently; "lie down and sleep again. Good-bye."

The birds were singing gaily when they turned to leave her.

"Stay," said Claude; "what is your name?"

"Anna Barrett," she replied; and only Heaven knows whether those were the last words she spoke.

CHAPTER VII.

THE woman laid her weary head down again as one who would fain rest, and they walked away from her.

"We have done a good deed," said Claude, thoughtfully—"saved that poor woman from being murdered, perhaps. I hope she will do what I advised—start for London. If my mother should take a fancy to her, she could easily put her in way of getting her living."

To his surprise, Hyacinth suddenly took her hand from his, and broke out into a wild fit of weeping.

"My darling, what is it? Cynthy, what is the matter?"

She sat down upon a large moss covered stone and wept as though her heart would break. The sight of those raining tears, the sound of those deep-drawn sobs and passionate cries, filled him with grief and dismay. He knelt down by the girl's side, and tried to draw her hands from her face.

"Cynthy, you make me so wretched! Tell me what is wrong—I cannot bear to see you so."

Then the violence of her weeping abated. She looked at him.

"Claude," she said, "I am so sorry I left home—it is all so wicked and so wrong. I must go back again."

He started from her.

"Do you mean that you are sorry you have come with me, Hyacinth?"

"Yes, very sorry," she sobbed. "I must go back. I did not think of consequences. I can see them so plainly now. It is wicked to run away from home. That poor woman did it, and see what has come to her. Claude, I believe that Providence has placed that woman across my path, and that the words she has spoken are a warning message."

"That is all nonsense, Cynthy; there can be no comparison between the two cases. I am not a ruffian like that woman's husband."

"No, you are not; but the step was wicked, Claude. I understand all now. Be kind to me, and let me go back home."

"Of course," said Claude, sullenly, "I cannot away with you against your will. If you insist upon it, I will do as you ask; but it is making a terrible simpleton of me."

"You will forgive me," she returned. "You will say afterwards that I acted rightly. I shall be miserable, Claude—I shall never be happy again—if I do not return home."

"If you persist in this, we shall be parted for ever," he said, angrily.

"It will be best," she replied. "Do not be angry with me, Claude. I do not think—I—I love you enough to marry you and live with you always. I have blinded myself with romance and nonsense. I do not love you—not even so much as that poor woman loves her husband. Oh, Claude, let me return home."

She looked up at him, her face wet with tears, and an agony of entreaty in her eyes.

"You might have found this out before, Hyacinth. You have done me a great wrong—you have trifled with me. If you had said before that you did not love me, I should never have proposed this scheme."

"I do not know," she said, humbly. "I am very sorry if I have wronged you. I did not mean to pain you. It is just as though I had woke up suddenly from an ugly dream. Oh, for my dead mother's sake, take home!"

He looked down at her for some few minutes in silence, vanity and generosity doing hard battle together. The sight of her beautiful tearful face touched yet angered him; he did not like to see it clouded by sorrow, yet he could not bear to think that he must lose its loveliness, and never call it his own.

"Do you not love me, Hyacinth?" he asked, sadly.

"Oh, no—not as I should love you, to be your wife. I thought I did not, but you said I did. I am quite sure of it, Claude; ever since we started I have been thinking so."

"Well, I must bear my disappointment like a man, I suppose" he said; "and, since you wish to go back, I suppose you must. But remember all that you are going back to, Cynthy."

"It is better to break one's heart at home than to run away from it," she rejoined.

"I see," he said, quietly—"that woman has frightened you. I thought you brave—you are a coward. I thought you capable of a great sacrifice for my sake—you are not so. You shall go home in safety and security, Miss Vaughan."

"Heaven bless you, Claude!" she cried. "You are very good to me."

"I do not like it, mind," he said. "I think it is the shabbiest trick that ever was played on any man. Still, your wishes shall be obeyed."

Without another word they went back to the station.

"I will inquire at what time the train leaves here for Oakton," he said. "Stay outside, Hyacinth—it will not do for you to be seen now."

She was very fortunate. A train went back to Oakton at six o'clock—a quick train too—so that she would be there in little more than half an hour.

"Then," she said, breathlessly, "I can walk quickly back again. I can get into the grounds—perhaps even into the house—unnoticed. I pray Heaven that I may do so! If I may but once get safely freed from this danger, never will I run into more. How much would I not give to be once more safe at home!"

Claude looked as he felt—exceedingly angry.

"I will accompany you," he said, "as far as Oakton station, and then I must walk back to the park. I can only hope that I have been missed. I will take care that no woman ever makes such a simpleton of me again."

He went to the booking-office and obtained two tickets. When the train was ready for starting, and not before, he went to summon Hyacinth, and by a little dexterous management she got into a carriage unseen.

They did not exchange words on that return journey; he was too angry—too indignant; she was praying that she might reach home safely—that she might not be too heavily punished for her sin.

At last the train reached Oakton. There were few people in the station. She gave up the ticket to the official, who little guessed who she was.

"Thank Heaven!" she said, with quivering lips. The next minute she was on the road that led to the woods. Claude followed her.

"We will say good-bye here, Claude," she said, holding out her hand to him.

"And you were to have been my wife before noon!" he cried. "How cold, how heartless women are!"

"You should not have persuaded me," she said, with gentle dignity. "You blinded me by talking of the romance. I forgot to think of the right and wrong. But I will not reproach you. Good-bye."

He held her hand for one minute; all the love he had felt for her seemed to rise and overwhelm him—his face grew white with the pain of parting from her.

"You know that this good-bye is for ever," he said, sadly; "you know that we who were to have been all in all to each other, who were to have been married by noon, will now, in all probability, never meet again."

"Better that than an elopement," she returned. "Good-bye, Claude."

He bent down and kissed her white brow; and then, without another word, she broke from him, and hastened away, while he, strong man as he was, lay sobbing on the grass.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

IN DEATH.—The custom is universal in Madrid of closing one of the two outer doors of the house when a person dies. This door is kept closed for a novena, or period of nine days.

SALUTATIONS.—The Chinese settlers on the island of Sumatra have a strange and ludicrous form of salutation. When they meet each other, say after an absence of a month or longer, they do not shake each other's hand; they smile broadly and each grasps his own hand, shaking it vigorously for a few moments.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.—The Golden Rose given by the Pope once a year, has a stem of solid gold, more than a yard long, while the blossom is in mosaic, with engraved on it the name of the reigning Pontiff, and the titles of the Royal recipient; the golden leaves of the flower are studded with diamond dust to simulate morning dew, and the price of the bauble is as much as £800 for its manufacture alone, it being always made at one special shop, close to St. Peter's at Rome.

SPARROWS IN INDIA.—The sparrows has now conquered another country, for we learn that he has found a home in India. There he is full of fight and impudence, just as he is elsewhere. Let him see himself in a mirror and he will attack that other other bird for hours, not stopping to eat, drink, or rest. An instance is mentioned in which a sparrow reared her family in a cage that hung above the head of a working tailor, and was not dismayed by the fact that the cage was often taken down that visitors might the better behold the family within.

WAS JOHN BUNYAN A GYPSY?—In the St. Mary Magdalene's (Launceston) parish register (Vol. I, fol. 74) is this entry, in 1698: "Marche the 1vth daie was christened Nicholas, sonne of James Bownis, an Egiptia rogue." This Mr. F. H. Groome offers as a fresh link in the chain of evidence that John Bunyan was a gypsy. "Egyptia," he says, is evidently "Egyptian," and "Bownis," he asks, may it not be Bownian? If so, have we not here a veritable gypsy Bunyan? It is a far cry from Launceston, in Cornwall, to Elston, in Bedfordshire, he adds, were nomads not in the case, and, in time, the interval between the baptism and the birth of the "inspired tinker" is but forty-two years.

THE OLD VENETIAN CARNIVAL.—The carnival then lasted six months, and masking was a universal habit. It has been said that in the beginning the mask was a token of fraternal condescension on the part of rich and noble toward their inferiors. It leveled all ranks, like the grave, though in a more agreeable manner. But this utopian justification of it soon passed out of date. It became instead the very best possible vehicle for intrigue and social corruption. That in effect was what it was. During carnival time no one thought of going out of doors except in disguise. The maid sent on an errand must first don her mask—of which no doubt, her lover, or lovers, had the key. The mother with a child in her arms masked both herself and the child.

PARIS CHILDLESS.—A letter says that Paris is almost childless. Tradesmen wish their wives to help in the shop, and in order that the wives may be free to do this the children are put out to nurse in the country. The same custom is general among all working people. More than fifty per cent. of the children born in Paris die in the baby-farmer's hands, this correspondent declares, before they have reached their second year. Forty crèches have been established in the city, but the counter-influence of these has been trifling. A nurse of whom no questions are asked charges twenty-five francs a month for the keep of a baby; those who are registered and overlooked demand fifty francs or more. They find their customers among the prosperous middle classes, but the working people cannot afford to go to them.

AMBITION.

BY A. H. B.

A brooklet rippled through the reeds,
And on its surface fair
White lilies grew—ah, well for them
Had they but rested there.

But one—the fairest of them all—
Seized with a wild unrest,
Pined for the vast plains of the sea—
Ambition fill'd her breast.

And slowly from her sister group
She drew her petals free—
Floated one dawning, full of hope,
Toward that unknown sea.

A growing river swiftly ran
Through rushes strong and tall—
Hark!—how o'er each impending weir
The boiling torrents fall!

The lily trembled: "Is this life?
Ah, I will home again."
But no—the impetuous stream rush'd on,
All effort was in vain.

Whelm'd in the widening, mighty flood,
Too late the dying flower
Sigh'd for the brook amid the reeds—
Thought of her bud-hood hour.

Roll'd on the river to the sea,
And, ere another day,
The floods of ocean took the flower,
And bore it, dead away!

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED.)

HILDA received her cousin's expression of opinion in silence. She turned back again to the window and eagerly watched her husband and Mrs. Mountjoy as they strolled towards the gate and passed through to the departure platform. She might have spared herself all her dread and fear of the future, then; Pierrepoint was going to take the settlement of affairs into his own hands, and by his own action free her from this life bondage! Hugh did not speak against women, as a rule; when he blamed them, they must indeed be bad. What was it he had said of this Mrs. Mountjoy? "If her writings were taken seriously, most of the old-fashioned obligations involved in the terms 'right' and 'wrong' would be swept away." And the woman of whom this was said was the woman who but a moment ago had stood down there by Pierrepoint's side, looking up into his face in that bewilderingly alluring fashion—a look which a woman invariably reserves for the man she is bent on captivating at all costs.

With a sudden burst of shrill laughter which shocked Hugh inexpressibly, she once more turned to him; and her face was so white and stony that he almost lost his presence of mind and was going to ring for assistance, but she checked him.

"Could anything be more à propos?" she cried, still laughing discordantly. "I come to town to lay my case before a lawyer, for the express purpose of finding out if there is any chance of freeing myself from this ghastly farce of a marriage; the lawyer politely laughs at me, tells me that, so long as the first wife—my husband's first wife—was really dead at the date of my marriage, it did not matter how short the period was between her death and my wedding-day, nor how shameful and suspicious the circumstances surrounding her death were—that nothing that a man does before marriage can weaken the tie between him and his wife. I come back full of despair, wondering how I am going to live the life that is before me, and behold this little tableau prepared for my edification, which seems to promise me, without the slightest trouble or exertion on my part, the freedom I am so anxious to gain! Is it not a piece of good fortune? Was ever any unhappy girl so lucky before? Hugh, why don't you congratulate me?"

"Because," said Hugh, watching her, puzzled, "I don't believe you mean what you say. I don't understand you a bit, Hilda."

"Not understand?" she cried, with another ripple of harsh laughter. "It's not like you to be dense, Hugh." And then suddenly, as she met his observant gaze, her rigid white face relaxed pitifully, and she held up her hands to hide the grievous twitching of her lips. "I don't think I understand myself," she murmured brokenly. "What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

He pushed her gently into a low chair and took off her hat, and waited until the first storm of emotion was over.

"So your idea in going to Guthridge was to sound him about a divorce," he said presently; "and he gave you no hope? I could have told you that beforehand, little girl, and saved you all that trouble and annoyance, if you had only confided in me."

"But I could not, I could not!" she muttered. "Can't you see why I could not talk on this subject with you? It would be like—like a conspiracy against—him. It is dreadful to me to be here with you now, Hugh; it seems wrong and unfair and deceitful—not on your part, but on mine."

"But it was my doing; the arrangement was none of your making."

"No; and yet, when you were so anxious to prevent a meeting between Pierrepoint and me, I suddenly felt that you and I had no right to be here together."

He took her hands gently in his and smiled at her eager distressed face.

"Dearest, you are over-excited and upset;" he said softly. "Believe me, you are worrying yourself about a mere chimera. I kept you out of the way of Hayes and his companion because I not did wish you to suffer the indignity of an introduction to her; though no doubt you will have to face even that in the time to come. It is not easy to keep Mrs. Mountjoy out of any place where she wants to go; and, in the universal hunt after celebrities which goes on nowadays, people are glad to have her."

She scarcely heard what he was saying. She looked very small and fragile as she sat there, staring with unseeing eyes at the wall in front of her.

"How will it all end?" she was wondering. "How am I to go back and face the long dark dreary weeks with him? What am I to do? What can I do?"

For one wild moment the temptation came to Hugh to put his arms around her and to implore her never to go back again to the bondage she so abhorred, to beg her to take the final decisive step now, at once; but something in her face restrained him. Ever since she had turned upon him with that outburst of shrill laughter there had been something about her he did not understand, and he felt instinctively that the occasion was not favorable to an immediate advance on his part.

"If I could only do something to comfort you, dear," he said gently, "you know how willing I am!"

She turned to him again and, meeting his anxious glance, smiled faintly.

"Not to-day, Hugh," she whispered, laying her hot tremulous hand upon his—"you won't make love to me to-day, dear, when you see me so crushed and helpless and at your mercy—not to-day, because, under the influence of my present feeling, I am afraid I might so easily be led to do something which I should regret all my life, and you would grieve over that as much as I should?"

He rose at once, as if in reply to her sad appeal, and rang the bell for lights and tea.

"As Heaven is my witness," he said hoarsely, as he stood with his hand on the bell, "I will never urge you against your will! Always look upon me as your last refuge in the day of your bitterest need. When your darkest hour comes, and there seems to be no comfort, no hope anywhere else in the world, if your thoughts turn to me, you have only to say 'Come!'"

"Who knows?" she sighed. "I may say it some day. I am not a very good woman, I'm afraid. I don't think I could go on all my life quietly enduring the torment of the last few months simply from a sense of duty."

Spoken in such a passionless manner, the words sounded far more terrible than if they had been uttered in the heat of grief or indignation.

Hugh was glad to busy himself with orders to the waiter, and during the rest of the time they were together he was scrupulously careful in speech and manner; her little appeal had roused all there was in him of chivalry—she had not entreated his forbearance in vain.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE great house at Cruxwold seemed quieter than ever during the next few days. After Hugh Mackenzie's departure, Hilda had resolutely endeavored not to betray how much she felt the loss of his society, and had contrived to make some show of high spirits by romping with the dogs and singing about the house. But in the last few days preceding her husband's return she lost heart altogether, and made no attempt to keep up appearances.

Lady Mildred grew anxious as the days went by. It was unnatural for any girl of eighteen to be so still and silent, to sit for hours without speaking a word, gazing out at the constant flutter of falling leaves in the gardens with such a strange vacant look in her eyes.

The short autumn afternoon was already closing in when Hayes arrived. In her nervous shrinking from the meeting, Hilda had sent away the lamps when they were brought, feeling that the chilly conventional greeting between her husband and herself would seem less terrible in the gentle glow of the burning logs in the hall. Lady Mildred would have preferred it otherwise; but her wishes were not consulted. She would have to make her observations later on, and under less favorable conditions for discovering the present state of Pierrepoint's feelings.

When the dogs heard their master's voice in the outer hall, there was the usual scene of excitement, and Hilda was glad of the excuse to move away to the glass doors to let them through, for she shrank from the thought of her mother witnessing the meeting with Pierrepoint. Hayes was standing in the brilliantly-lighted outer hall, and, as Hilda pushed the door open, she thought how exceedingly well and contented he was looking, as he threw off his traveling-coat and answered old Wilberforce's pleased greeting with smiling heartiness.

The next moment the dogs were upon him; but he had seen his wife at the open door and came forward swiftly and eagerly to meet her. As he did so, there flashed into Hilda's mind the memory of their parting at the railway station, of his delight on the Sunday when she had worn his flower. Did he think of returning to take up the thread of their lives exactly as he had dropped it? The eagerness in his eyes made her fancy so.

"How mad they are!" she said very softly, with a chilly smile at the leaping dogs. "Aren't you rather late? Mother and I have been listening for the sound of wheels for the last quarter of an hour; and, after all, we never heard it."

"Your mother?" he exclaimed. All the glow was gone from his face now. "Is Lady Mildred staying at Cruxwold?"

"Yes; she has waited expressly to see you. Oh, I ought to have had the lamps!"—for, partially blinded by the gloom, after the brilliant light in the outer hall, he had stumbled over a mat as he followed her towards the fireplace. "Mother, are you asleep? Here is Pierrepoint!"

Lady Mildred and Hayes had not met before since the marriage, and for a moment he almost inclined to refuse his hand to the woman who had wrought him such a bitter wrong. He could not force himself to mutter the trite "Glad to see you," and she was quick to notice the omission.

"I hope your ladyship is quite well?" he said politely, and resolutely left the conversation in her hands.

But the shrewd woman of the world was more than equal to the task of preserving appearances, and neither then nor during the hour in the drawing-room after dinner did she allow the least awkwardness to creep into their intercourse. It was not until they were saying "Good night" that she let him know she was conscious of the lack or cordiality in his manner.

"You know, Pierrepoint, I have had a settled purpose in quartering myself at Cruxwold and taking my welcome for granted," she said, as they lingered for a moment round the fire before separating. "It is not a rule with me, that sort of thing, but I wanted to have an opportunity for a long uninterrupted talk with you, and I was anxious not to put it off until Christmas; so I thought it better to wait and get it over here, in your own house."

"Quite so," he answered courteously. "Shall we talk now——"

"Oh, no—not to-night," interrupted Hilda impetuously—"not to-night, mother, please!"

He turned to his wife, as if her manner surprised him, and she flushed and paled quickly beneath his gaze.

"Certainly not to-night, if you don't wish it," he said. "After breakfast in the morning, Lady Mildred, if that will suit you? I will keep the early part of the morning at your disposal." He turned to Hilda again and looked at her questioningly. "You're not looking so well as when I went away. How is that? These pink lamp-shades are so deceiving, I thought you were quite rosy; now I can see you are pale and thin. You had better have accepted my proposal, and spent these dark damp months in the South of France."

"I thought so too after—after you had left," she replied, "and I wrote to you to that effect."

"You wrote to me? I never received your letter! How did you address it?"

"To the care of your London club, to be forwarded."

"Then it is extraordinary that it should have miscarried. I am sorry—more sorry than I can say!"

"It is a misfortune easily remedied," said Lady Mildred smoothly. "It is not too late now, if you finally decide to go."

"But that is just what I'm afraid it is!" returned Hayes, in a tone of dissent. "I have accepted one or two engagements for both of us in November; one of them is for a week at Petmanhurst. I met Lady Tocatta at the play one night last week, and she pressed it so much upon me that I could not refuse. Still, of course, you shall not go against your own wish, Hilda."

"Suppose we leave that to be discussed to-morrow morning with the other affairs of state?" remarked her ladyship; and, though his brow clouded momentarily at her uncalled-for interference he put his annoyance on one side after another glance at his wife's face.

He could see Hilda was exceedingly agitated about this forthcoming interview with Lady Mildred, and some idea of the truth suddenly occurred to him.

"Very well—until the morning then," he answered, in a way which left no course open to her ladyship but to say "Good night" at once; and Hilda followed her mother from the room without a moment's pause, leaving Hayes motionless, staring down at the fire in deep thought.

* * * * * *

When Hilda entered the dining-room on the following morning, she was afraid that she and Pierrepoint were to be condemned to a tete-a-tete breakfast. With his back to the door, he was standing opening his letters, and, after a glance at his broad shoulders, she was turning, half intending to run away, when she saw her mother coming slowly down-stairs. Reassured, she went on to her own place, with a murmured "Good morning" as she passed him, and took up her own letters.

She had scarcely slept all night, and she was, consequently, in a very nervous state this morning. This foolish nervousness led her into half a dozen blunders during the time they were at table, things she would never have thought of doing but for her loss of self-command. Among other absurd mistakes, she found herself suddenly breaking a silence which had become unendurable by imparting to her mother the news contained in a letter from Terry Sugden.

"Poor dear Terry writes me in very low spirits. Mr. Betterton has come in for some money, and wants to have the wedding at once. Terry is not very happy at home, you know, since her mother's second marriage has been arranged."

"But what is she in low spirits about?" asked her ladyship. "I always understood money was the only difficulty. If Mr. Betterton has come in for a snug legacy, things ought to be very rose-colored for her."

"It is all Mrs. Sugden's doing. It seems the step-father-elect wants to keep Terry at home, to relieve Mrs. Sugden of the care of the children, and so she has changed her mind, and vetoed the match altogether. Poor Terry is in despair."

"Most unjustifiable conduct, I call it, on Mrs. Sugden's part," remarked Lady Mildred, "to withdraw her consent after she has given it. I don't see what better match she can expect for Terry. She is not pretty, and she has so few opportunities."

"Why, mother, Terry would not give Mr. Betterton up for the most fascinating, richest man in the world. They are genuinely in love with each other, those two. It's of no use for Mrs. Sugden to try to separate them; nothing but death will ever do that. Dear old Terry!" She caught Pierrepoint's glance and stopped abruptly in some confusion. What did he mean by looking at her in that earnest, almost reproachful manner?

"I wonder what Terry will do," said her ladyship thoughtfully. "Perhaps some of his people will help them out of the difficulty."

"He has no relatives in England. I have heard him say so."

"Well, for Terry's sake, I hope the match won't be broken off."

"I think you may trust Betterton for

that, Lady Mildred," put in Hayes. "He's not the man to submit to being pushed on one side for a mere whim."

"No," said Hilda; "I'm glad to know that. He is well able to take his own part, and Terry's too. Perhaps it will be a real romantic runaway marriage. I hope she will ask me to it if it is!"

"Oh, I hope it won't come to that!" demurred Lady Mildred. "That sort of thing is quite intolerable nowadays. It handicaps a girl so dreadfully at the start. Are you waiting for us, Pierrepoint? I have finished. Where shall we go for our talk?"

Hilda felt quite faint for a moment. Pierrepoint was to be put on his defence. How would he come through the ordeal?

Hayes rose at once and opened the door.

"Will you come to my usual business-room, or shall we go to the library?" he asked, as they passed out. "The little parlor is more cheerful, I think."

"Then the parlor it shall be," decided Lady Mildred, as placidly as if they were going to discuss a question of wall-paper or the choice of a new dinner-service.

Pierrepoint Hayes, following tranquilly half a pace behind her upright graceful figure, was saying to himself that her ladyship should be met with her own weapons to-day.

As they turned into the corridor leading to the garden-parlors, they overtook Mattie hurrying two children along as if she were anxious to get them out of sight. But, when the younger one saw Hilda, she slipped her hand out of Mattie's and ran eagerly to her.

"I'm come to show you how fine I walk, lady," said the pale-faced little creature, standing proudly and eagerly before them. "Father he said I was to come as soon as ever I could walk so far, and so I've come. And please, it was all the sea-water you sent—father he said so; and I was to say 'Thank you, grateful very much!'"

Hilda laughed rather unsteadily as she stooped to kiss the child. It was so plain that the little heart was filled with gratitude, though she had tripped over the carefully-learned message, after all!

"She would come, ma'am," said Mattie apologetically. "I know you would be engaged; but she was so set on seeing you!"

"It's all right, Mattie; she would have broken her heart if you had sent her away. You were going to take them to the blue parlor? Take them there now and give them some cake; I'll come presently. Get some fresh milk for Elsie. Don't let them go till I come."

"I did not know you had any leanings that way, Hilda," observed Lady Mildred coolly, as they moved on again towards the dragon parlor; and Hilda could not understand why she felt so impatient with her mother as she answered—

"Nor have I! It was a pure accident, my finding out that the poor little thing was sinking into a decline for the want of a few comforts. Don't credit me with a virtue I don't possess!"

Lady Mildred shrugged her shoulders. Those occasional fits of irritability about nothing were incomprehensible to her; so few things in the world were worth disturbing oneself about to the extent of forgetting one's manners! She sat down with unruffled dignity in the chair Pierrepoint drew nearer to the fire for her, and smiled at Hilda's vehement shake of the head as she rejected a similar politeness and walked to the window.

"I won't sit, thank you," she said; "I am restless this morning, and the fire is too hot."

Hayes pushed the chair back again, with a little deepening of the gravity on his face, and turned to his mother-in-law.

"I am ready, Lady Mildred," he observed quietly; and a note of self-defence in his voice was not lost upon her.

"I believe you have already partly guessed what I am going to say, Pierrepoint?"

"Perhaps; but I should prefer to hear you put it into words."

Surprised, and a little uneasy at the studied calmness of this admission, her ladyship rejoined—

"It has to do with that visit of yours to Edinburgh before your marriage."

"Ah!"

She waited for a moment to see if he meant to go on, and then continued—

"Hilda tells me she showed the letter she received on her wedding-day, and that you tacitly admitted the truth of its contents."

His deep-set blue eyes flashed a glance of inquiry at Hilda; but she did not look round; she was staring straight out of the window with bent brows and set pale lips. He could see the nervous movement of her fingers among the fringe of the curtain, and he was glad at the sight of her agitation. At any rate, the matter had a stronger personal interest for her than for her mother; anything was better than indifference.

"Did I do as much as that?" he asked quietly. "'Tacitly admitted the truth of its contents?' No doubt your ladyship is right. My memory is not clear on the matter—not with regard to details; I remember the one main fact of my disenchantment distinctly enough. It was on that evening that Hilda told me her mother had sold her into the most terrible bondage the world knows of—the bondage of a loveless marriage; and I was so disconcerted by the trick that had been played upon me that I went a bit wild. It is not a pleasant thing for a man to find out that he has been swindled shamelessly in the most important transaction of his life. He may be excused for losing his head a little under the shock, I think."

Lady Mildred sat biting her lip—the attack was so very direct, so unanswerable, and, above all, so unexpected!

"That is not an answer to my question," she said, raising her cold haughty eyes to his. Surely this retiring unsophisticated person, upon whom she had bestowed the distinction of alliance with her family, was not going to give himself airs?" I must beg you to keep to the point and answer my inquiry."

"Your ladyship has made no direct inquiry of me."

"I asked you if all that that letter said was true."

"No, pardon me, you did not put the question; but I will answer it as though you had. No; all that that letter said was not true."

"But some of it was?"

"Yes—some of it was."

"Then of course you have some explanation to offer to my daughter and me?"

"To your daughter, if she asks it, yes; to you, no!"

Lady Mildred's cheeks flushed at the decisive though perfectly courteous tone of his reply. There was another short silence, and Hilda would have given a great deal to look at the pair by the fire; but she was afraid to turn her head for fear of drawing attention to herself. She was still enough now, rigid with the intensity of her emotion. What would come next?

"I had forgotten!" said her ladyship. "At present you know only half of Hilda's ground of complaint. She not only has reason to suspect you of being mixed up in this unhappy actress-creature's death"—his passionate exclamation did not stop the slow distinct flow of words—"but she knows that the unfortunate woman was your wife"—again Hayes uttered an ejaculation of dismay—"and she believes that you would have married her all the same, even if this one's death had not happened with such remarkable opportuneness."

"She is mistaken there, at all events, Lady Mildred." Hilda, with every sense on the alert, was so moved by the softening and grief in his voice that she turned mechanically to look at him, and met his glance of hurt indignation. "I make no attempt to screen myself from any of your aspersions but that. I would never have wronged your daughter in thought, word, or deed—no, not by a hair's breath! If that poor soul's death had not happened when it did, I should never have seen Hilda again!"

"Then," cried Lady Mildred, roused at last, "she was your wife?"

He looked down at her, bending eagerly forward in her chair, and answered slowly and sorrowfully—

"Yes—unhappily for us both, she was my wife."

"It is awful!" gasped her ladyship, sinking back in her chair again in despair.

There was silence in the room for some minutes after this. Hilda was gazing out of the window again, watching the leaves drifting down from the tree under which Hugh and she had spent those pleasant summer afternoons. Hayes gazed at the white little face, and the heavy cloud of trouble on his brow deepened as he looked.

"And I was so boastful over this marriage!" muttered Lady Mildred at last. "How people will triumph over me when they know!"

"But they never will know," said Hayes quickly.

"Oh, yes, they will! It is bound to leak out. People always find out the cause of separation between husband and wife, however careful they may be."

"Separation?" he echoed blankly.

"Yes. You don't imagine I shall allow Hilda to continue this awful life any longer—this daily association with a man who has the cloud of suspected murder hanging over him? It would be enough to drive her mad! There must be a separation of some kind arranged. I shall take her away with me at once. There can never be any happiness or even comfort for her with a man who has wronged her as you have!"

"Wronged her?" he echoed again; and then recovered his self-possession. "Surely that accusation comes badly from you! What is the wrong I have done her compared with the wrong we have both suffered at your hands? I, at least, erred in ignorance; you have not even that excuse. With your eyes open to the fact that she loathed and feared me, you forced her to marry me, because I had a fine house and a decent income, and perhaps because you thought I was a soft muddle-headed clown who would be generous with the settlements and let you rule the two of us after marriage. You talk of my wronging her, Lady Mildred! What harm have I done her compared with your callous cruelty, your cold heartlessness, in standing by day after day during the engagement between us, seeing the child's sufferings and yet allowing the torture to go on? Since I have known how you schemed and planned to carry this wicked business through, I have asked myself sometimes if there is any mercy or love left in the world at all. If a mother can stand by smiling, and help to contrive such a bitter wrong against her own innocent child, where, among all God's creatures, can we hope to find goodness or compassion? What a mistaken notion to call a mother's love self-sacrificing and pure? 'Self-seeking' and 'worldly' would describe it better, one would think."

"You are very willing to put all the blame of your mistake upon me," retorted her ladyship. "Don't you think you should take your own blindness also into account? If it was so blamable on my part to shut my eyes to those hypothetical sufferings of Hilda's, how was it you did not see them also?"

"You forget; I did! I called your attention to her failing spirits again and again, and each time you assured me that I was mistaken, that—— But what is the use of talking about it now? The harm is done, and can't be undone. As for this nonsensical talk about a separation, you will oblige me very much if you will be so good as to say nothing further about it. You sold your daughter to me at your own price, Lady Mildred, and by law she is mine; you have no further power over her. It is simply folly for you to come here and say, 'I shall insist upon Hilda doing this thing,' or 'I shall not allow her to do that;' you have no voice in the matter. Hilda's actions will for the future be ruled by her own wishes, and perhaps, though in a much less degree, by mine. Since I have been her husband, I have tried honestly to do my duty by her in somewhat difficult circumstances, and I believe she will be willing to do as much for me; she knows my demands are not likely to be very exacting. In any case, she will not leave Cruxwold with you to-day simply because you wish her to do so. If she chooses of her own free will to follow you to-morrow, that is another matter. Have you any other suggestions to offer?" he asked, with a sudden change of manner. "I shall be pleased to give them my consideration."

Following so swiftly on his previous sternness, there seemed to be something like derision in this deference; but there was no sign of it in his manner. Lady Mildred had never felt so small in her life; but it was not in her nature to acknowledge defeat.

"You presume upon our dread of publicity," she said icily. "You know we are not likely to take this string of horrors into a court of law, and so you think you can defy us; but you will possibly alter your tone to my brother."

"I don't think it is very likely, Lady Mildred. I should be far more likely to give way to you than to Lord Morristown, if I were inclined to give way at all; but I am not. I warn you that, if you force this separation upon me, I will fight it out to the end. Don't you think we had better sign an armed truce?" The change in his tone made Hilda turn towards him again. "What is there to be gained on either side by this exposure? I have a strong impression that your ladyship is not fond of being pitied, and, if you take this business into the law-courts and get beaten—as you will— consider what a position you will be in! Your daughter the wife of man with—to quote your own words—the clouds of suspected murder hanging over him! Imagine the wonder and the commiseration it will cause! Think it over a little, and you will come to the conclusion that silence—and the strictest silence too—is the only course left to you. Once set the ball rolling, even among the members of your own family, and you will have genuine cause to regret it before it stops. Understand me—I speak more for your sake and for Hilda's than for any own. It would be easy enough for me to put up the shutters here, and lay in a stock of ammunition and be off after Malcolm Watson, out of reach of society's sneers and spite; it is you who would have to stay and stand the brunt—you and Hilda. Take a little time; think well before you act!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALL OF A KIND.—It was a Scotchwoman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time.

It was a Dutchman who said that a pig had no marks on his ears except a short tail.

It was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife."

It was an English reporter who stated at a meeting of the Ethnological Society, that there were "casts of the skull of an individual at different periods of adult life, to show the changes produced in the year;" though Dean Swift certainly mentioned two skulls preserved in Ireland—one of a person when he was a boy, and the other of the same person when he grew to be a man.

It was a Portuguese mayor who enumerated, among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified when found, "a marked impediment in his speech."

It was a Frenchman who, contentedly laying his head upon a large stone jar for a pillow, replied to one who inquired if it was not rather hard, "Not at all, for I have stuffed it with hay."

It was a American lecturer who solemnly said one evening, "Parents, you may have children; or, if not, your daughters may have."

It was a German orator who, warming with his subject, exclaimed, "There is no man, woman, or child in the house who has arrived at the age of fifty years but what has felt the truth thundering through their minds for centuries."

THE FIRST BUTTERFLY.—One of the superstitions that used to be believed in Devonshire was that anyone who did not kill the first butterfly he might see for the season would have bad luck for a whole year afterwards. A young lady tells of an instance she fell in with:

"The other Sunday," she says, "as we were walking to church, we met a man running at full speed, with his hat in one hand and a stick in the other.

"As he passed us he exclaimed, 'I sha'n't hat 'em now, I b'lieve!'

"He did not give us time to ask what he was so eagerly pursuing, but we presently overtook an old man whom we know to be his father, and who, being very feeble at upwards of 70 years of age, generally hobbled about by the aid of two sticks.

"Addressing me, he observed, 'My sin a took away wan o' my sticks, miss; wan't be ebble to kill'n now though, I b'lievt.'

"'Kill what?' said I.

"'Why, 'tis a butterfly, miss; the furst hee'th a seed for the year, and they say that a body win have cruel bad luck if a dida'en kill a furst a zeath.'"

HAD ANOTHER OUTLET.—The Brazilian nabob, Baron Foreau, who died long since, was as miserly in trifles as he was extravagant in other directions.

It was one of his peculiarities never to see servants, and the waiters of the various hotels at which he sojourned were, for that reason, not partial to him.

One morning, while staying at the magnificent Maux Hotel, in Rio de Janeiro, he came down to breakfast, and ordered a cutlet. After he had eaten it he ordered a second.

"Baron," said the head waiter, maliciously, "it is a custom with us never to serve the same course twice at a meal."

"Is that so?" said Foreau, and, rising from his seat, he left the room.

In ten minutes he came back into the dining room.

"Waiter," said he, "I have just bought this hotel, and am master here now. As you will not be able to get accustomed to my plan of serving the guests according to their wishes, you are dismissed at once."

Thereupon he took up his serviette again, and called to another waiter, "Now, bring me another cutlet!"

"AND, Ethel, dear, what is the baby's name?" asked Miss Gush. "I've named him Ethelbert Algernon," answered Mrs. Newmother. "But I always thought the father named the boys." "If you could hear what his father calls him when he is walking the floor with him in the early dawn you wouldn't wonder I took matters in my own hands."

THE LAST FAREWELL.

BY LEXIE.

Yes, our last farewell is breathed,
And we part, for ever part;
Every tie is now unwreathed
Which has bound us heart to heart;
For too plainly I discover
All is perfidy in thee;
Every dream of joy is over,
But my heart, my heart is free.

Love, when cold neglect assails it,
When 'tis too severely tried,
Struggles long, but what avails it,
It must yield at length to pride.
Oh! how each contending passion
In my tortured bosom strove,
Grief, and pride, and adoration,
For 'twas deeper still than love.

Yes! I've suffer'd grief and pain,
All for the sake of thee;
This is my last and only wish,
That happy thou may'st be.
For our last farewell is breathed,
And we part, for ever part;
Every tie is now unwreathed,
Which had bound us heart to heart.

Her Chosen Husband.

BY E. E. W.

IT IS a wild winter afternoon, and the wind is roaring fiercely through the heavy trees that are swaying to and fro and casting their dark fitful shadows on the ground beneath. The dead leaves are whirling round and round in wild disorder, and the long waving grass shines like silver blades as each fresh gust sweeps across it.

The very air seems full of suppressed violence, and the graystone towers of Hedley Hall stand out light and graceful against the dark lowering clouds that have spread over the heavens, depriving the earth of even its usual short period of winter twilight.

But the gloominess without only serves to heighten the contrast of a warm handsome room within where everything is cosy and delightful, and merriment seems general.

A tall handsome girl is kneeling on the hearth-rug, amusing her companions with sparkling sallies and witty rejoinders to her several admirers who keep plying her with eager compliments and pretty speeches.

Her face is brilliant in its colorings, and her thick bronze-gold hair gleams in the weird red firelight; but her eyes are soft and dreamy, and her lips sweet and sensitive, softening the clear cold outline of her perfect features.

She is the only child and heiress of a wealthy city merchant, and has been made much of all her life. Her graceful freedom of carriage and the queenly bearing of her small well-shaped head have earned for her the false reputation of haughtiness and pride.

A little apart from the group that now surround her laughing, gossiping, and partaking of the inevitable four-o'clock tea are two men who have been standing near the window for some time, apparently taking more interest in the storm outside than in anything within.

The younger of the two is of medium height, well made, easy in manner and debonair, having that nameless something about him which marks those who have seen all that is to be seen.

His bright blue eyes are full of good-humored mischief now, as, stroking languidly his fair moustache, he says mockingly—

"Upon my word, Vere, it seems ridiculous that you should lay down your arms so completely at first sight of this country beauty—you who have run the gauntlet successfully in many a campaign both in London and abroad! I have spoken to you three times and you have not answered me once, and you have never taken your eyes off this wonderful enchantress."

His companion turns round impatiently.

"I was looking at her, I confess; but I was prompted by curiosity, not admiration," he returns.

"Beware then lest the former lead to the latter. Many a sailor would have been saved had not curiosity impelled him to drift closer to the Siren voices that lured him on. Sydney Hope is a lovely girl, and will be a treasure to the man who wins her; but——"

"It is no case of winning," breaks in Colonel Vere sternly; "few would care to woo so well-known a flirt!"

A silence having fallen over the group near the fire, these words ring out with startling vehemence across the room. Even the speaker himself seems frightened at the sound of his own voice, and waits, with a nervousness of which he has not deemed himself capable, for the issue of his remark.

Claude Meredith gives a low whistle, and, with a slight gesture of discomfiture, turns from the window.

Although there must be thousands in the world answering to the same description, there seems to be no doubt felt by any as to who is meant, for all eyes are turned inquiringly on Sydney to see what she will say or do.

For an instant a crimson tide floods her face and throat, and with a little gasp of pain she catches her breath; but the next moment she recovers herself, and cries gaily—

"What are you two plotting over there? In this dim light you look like a couple of conspirators. Come here and be sociable; confess your treason, and be absolved."

Colonel Vere comes forward hastily, and with a strange new humility bends low before her.

"Some treason does not deserve to be forgiven," he says remorsefully.

"True," she returns lightly—"the treachery of a friend, for instance; but the treasonable words of a stranger may be treated with indifference.

"But, once a stranger, not always a stranger, I trust?"

"I do not know; people are so different. For myself, I dislike new friends," she answers carelessly, and then adds politely, "Won't you have some tea, Colonel Vere? We have left you a cup."

But Colonel Vere is no tea-drinker, and says as much as he retires to his window again, considerably crestfallen.

"By George, Vere, you put your foot in it then!" says young Meredith drily. "And the daughter of your host, too!"

"I could bite my tongue out!" is the patient reply.

Colonel Vere is not a man easily moved either to tenderness or regret, the casual observer would say, looking at his bronzed face and rather hard features; but the dark gray eyes can lighten wondrously at times, and the thick moustache often hides a singularly sweet smile.

He is a man feared and respected by all, loved by his friends and the men who have served under him, and admired immensely by young romantic girls, who think more of his height and soldier-like bearing than of the gray hairs and other signs of approaching age that are already clearly discernible.

Having some slight acquaintance with Mr. Hope, he has come down at his invitation to spend a few weeks at Hedley Hall, meeting for the first time the spoilt girl whose fame as a great beauty and incorrigible flirt has already reached his ears.

As he watches her, he is almost afraid in his own heart that he has been unwise to come within so dangerous an influence; but, even as he admits this, he hardens himself against her.

When he joins the others, his manner is stiff and repelling, and the few words he speaks are uttered in a quiet disdainful tone that Sydney Hope finds infinitely galling.

Presently the dressing-bell rings, and the guests disperse.

"I hate that man!" says Sydney passionately to her chosen friend and confidant Maud Terry, as, ready dressed for dinner, they still linger upstairs.

"But he looks so nice, so distinguished," demurs gentle Maud, who has always something to say in defence of the absent, be they ever so obnoxious.

Sydney stamps her foot impatiently, and turns away to the glass to rearrange a refractory flower. As she gazes at the bright face reflected in the mirror her expression changes, and she wheels round quickly.

"Maud," she impressively, "do you know, I have been thinking of something. Papa said some weeks ago that I ought to think of marrying; and now he has asked all these people, and there is not one ineligible parti amongst them. There are Lord Mure, Claude Meredith, Colonel Vere——"

"But Colonel Vere said—" breaks in Maud innocently, and then stops, abashed.

"Do you think I do not know what he said? Every one heard it!" cries Sydney excitedly. "But that is no reason why he should not change his mind. The flirting he has so sternly denounced has won me many an admirer; let me see if it cannot win me a husband now, and that husband Colonel Maxwell Vere!"

For one who has so determinedly made up her mind to charm, Sydney Hope's conduct to-night is certainly very strange indeed.

All through the dinner she is silent, save that now and then she gives utterance to some absurd commonplace that brings a slightly scornful light to Colonel Vere's dark observant eyes.

Lord Mure, a slight effeminate-looking man, with pale blue eyes and a weak characterless mouth, is seated next to her; and her father looks up sharply several times as she smiles vapidly in sole answer to his polite empty little speeches.

But dinner is over at last, and the ladies retire to the drawing-room, Sydney taking a piece of crochet-work from her pocket and commencing to work at it with most unusual industry, while the others gather round the piano, or stroll round the room, examining the numberless costly knick-knacks that lie scattered about.

Presently the gentlemen follow; and Sydney flushes crimson as Colonel Vere comes straight across the room and takes the seat next to her.

But she bends over her work and counts the stitches aloud in a clear composed voice.

"Are you quite absorbed in your work, Miss Hope?"

"One, two, three, four, five. I beg pardon, Colonel Vere; what were you saying?"

"Nothing worth repeating," he returns, biting his lip angrily.

She makes no reply, and with provoking coolness goes on counting and referring to a paper that lies on her lap.

"Are you always so industrious?" inquires Colonel Vere a few minutes later, chafing at the silence that has fallen upon them.

"I do not care to be idle"—primly.

"Good Heaven!" he ejaculates in real dismay. "Then I suppose you look upon rest and sleep as disagreeable necessities?"

"They are certainly a waste of time. I do not agree with Shakspere when he says, 'Blessed is the man that invented sleep.'"

"Sancho Panza, you mean," Colonel Vere corrects, startled out of his usual politeness.

"Ah, I dare say!" rejoins Sydney calmly. "All men of that sort wrote so much alike."

At that moment Lord Mure joins them and asks Sydney to sing.

"I sing so little—hardly ever before strangers," she answers, with an affected simper.

Claude Meredith looks at her curiously as she says this, and watches her cross to the piano, where she sits down with an air of importance, and after carefully arranging her handsome dress, plays some opening chords.

The song she has chosen is one that no one present has ever heard before, and apparently no one wishes to hear again; for there is a dead silence when it is ended; and, until Lord Mure's thanks breaks the spell, no one attempts a remark.

Then the crochet-work is resumed, and at this Lord Mure takes Colonel Vere's place, that bewildered officer having retired to think over affairs.

"And so that is the girl that men are raving about," he says to himself—"a girl with nothing to recommend her but her marvellous loveliness! She is not even a flirt, for she has not sense enough to take up any role but that of a spoilt beauty and heiress. And then her absurd mistakes about Sancho Panza! O tempora! O mores! Compulsory education would be a boon indeed to the girls of the present age."

In the meantime, Lord Mure having left her side for a moment, Claude Meredith crosses over to Sydney.

"Do you remember Brutus feigning idiocy?" he asks in a low tone.

"Yes; why?" she answers, laughing up at him.

"I don't know; but I have been thinking of it all the evening. He had a motive; what is yours?"

"Hush!" she cries softly, looking round cautiously. "Perhaps I will tell you some day; but at present say nothing. Will you promise?"

"Of course I will," he answers heartily.

When Sydney reaches her room she sinks down upon a low chair and laughs so merrily that Maud joins in against her will.

"I don't know what you are laughing at," she says at length; "but you will never win Colonel Vere in that way. He may not approve of flirts; but no one likes a nonentity; and, oh, that perfect song!"

"My dear, you don't understand. He expects me to do everything well, and would admire me were I to fulfill his expectation; but it would be all. Now he will be curious to discover wherein lies my attraction."

"And some day you will let him find out?"

"Exactly, my wise little friend," says Sydney, smiling brightly.

"And the crochet?"

"I borrowed it from one of the housemaids. To-morrow I intend to hem dusters and handkerchiefs all day long."

And then the conversation turns to less important subjects, until at last "good night" is said, and the two girls separate.

The next morning is dull and rainy, and there is a general doubt as to what is to be the amusement of the day.

Sydney, attired in a prim-looking morning-dress of Quakerish hue, has already commenced the threatened hemming, and Lord Mure is holding her work-basket meekly beside her.

"What's to be done, and who's to do it?" says Maud Terry lazily, joining them as she speaks.

"Riding, driving, and skating being out of the question, there is nothing left except theatricals," declares Claude Meredith, who has followed her.

As every one agrees to this, all, except Sydney and Lord Mure, go off to hunt up a play and arrange the cast of characters. An hour afterwards Colonel Vere returns alone.

"It is all settled now Miss Hope," he says, leaning over a chair close to her and her companion, and looking rather triumphantly into her face.

"Is it?" she answers indifferently.

"And you and I are to be lovers true," he continues, glancing at her furtively.

"Heaven forbid!" cries Sydney demurely.

"We shall have to practice; there are to be lots of rehearsals," he goes on, smiling, emboldened by the laughing light in her eyes.

"An over-practiced thing is always a failure," remarks Sydney coldly.

"And what am I to be?" inquires Lord Mure.

Colonel Vere looks at him curiously, while a strange mocking smile hovers round his lips.

"My rival," he answers curtly.

"Ah, yes, exactly!" stammers Lord Mure uneasily.

Sydney goes on working steadily, taking no notice of anything that is said; and presently the others come in with their books, ready to study their several parts.

Several days pass with very little excitement; the weather is still unpropitious, and most of the time is spent in studying and rehearsing for the theatricals, which promise to be a grand success.

Sydney has been very aggravating, reading her part from the book in a dull wearisome monotone, and apparently taking no interest whatever in the costumes she is to wear in the different scenes.

One morning, as Colonel Vere enters the library, he sees several of her admirers gathered round her, admiring, in what seem to him very exaggerated terms, a picture she is painting.

"May I see what you are doing?" he asks curiously.

Sydney closes her book with a vicious little snap.

"It is nothing much," she says hastily.

"But let me see it," he persists.

Sydney's eyes sparkle mischievously, and two roguish little dimples are lurking round her mouth, as she selects a picture and passes it to him.

It is a most appalling daub, with thick streaks of paint laid on haphazard; and Colonel Vere puts it down at once without comment.

"That is not the picture we were looking at," says Lord Mure, rather puzzled. "I am sure you never did that, Miss Hope," and, taking up the portfolio, he produces the one they were at first discussing.

A strange expression crosses Colonel Vere's face as he sees the deception that has been practiced on him.

"Ah, this is different!" he says quietly, noting the well-defined lights and shadows and delicate coloring. "This is beautiful, Miss Hope."

"I am glad you like it," she answers, blushing deeply; and, gathering up her materials, she escapes from the room.

But the explanation she has avoided then is forced upon her later in the day, when she happens to be left alone with Colonel Vere for a few minutes before dinner. She looks uneasily about her, as though meditating flight; but the next moment she submits to her fate, and stands looking rather defiantly at him.

"Miss Hope," he commences gently, "I wish I could understand you. Is it because you dislike me that you have striven

to hide your real self from me?"

"I do not dislike you, Colonel Vere," says Sydney, lowering her eyes and playing nervously with her fan.

"Then why did you deceive me?"

But Sydney draws herself up haughtily.

"You have no right to catechise me in this manner!" she cries indignantly. "And—and it is not likely you would care for anything that was done or left undone by a flirt!"

At this moment the door opens, and Mr. Hope enters, thus preventing any reply.

"Well, Vere, is my little girl amusing you?" he says, smiling, coming over to where they stand, and laying his hand caressingly on his daughter's shining hair. Without waiting for an answer, he continues, "Won't you sing for us, Sydney?"

For an instant she looks up with a flash of mirth in her sweet dark eyes, and then, without demurring, she goes to the piano.

"Ah, I thought so!" says Colonel Vere to himself, as her exquisite voice rises and swells in a flood of such soul-stirring melody that the tears come into the eyes of both as they listen. "I knew such a perfect face and form could not be so utterly soulless!" And, though his words of thanks are few when the song ends, Sydney reads something in his eyes that sets her own glowing happily all the evening.

The next day is the one fixed for the theatricals; and the whole house seems to be given up to carpenters and curtain-hangers.

The actors themselves have nearly all retired to their own rooms, all save Maud Terry and Claude Meredith, who, by some occult process of reasoning, have discovered that two heads are better than one, even for the purpose of learning two not very difficult parts.

Maxwell Vere has been roaming about like an unquiet spirit, trying to intercept Sydney as she passes from one room to another; but, save for a few minutes at luncheon, he does not see her at all, and at dinner the whole length of the table is between them.

At nine o'clock the piece is fixed to commence; and, as Colonel Vere stands idly waiting in one of the corridors, no change of dress being necessary in his case, Sydney comes sweeping down the stairs in a charming costume designed by Worth.

The character she is to take is that of a confirmed coquette; and something in her manner, as she comes towards him, convinces Colonel Vere that she has entered into her role with considerable gusto. He steps forward eagerly to meet her.

"Miss Hope, may I speak to you for one moment?" he says anxiously, laying his hand upon hers, as it rests lightly on the dark balustrade.

"Colonel Vere, that is my hand you are holding."

"I beg your pardon," he says hastily, drawing back.

"Granted," she answers gravely, making him a deep curtsey and looking so bewitchingly demure with her tremulous lips and drooped eyes that Colonel Vere feels a strong inclination to catch her in his arms and kiss her into rebellion.

"Sydney, be friends with me," he pleads audaciously, holding out his hand; but she puts her own behind her, and says gaily—

"My name is Miss Hope, Colonel Maxwell Vere; and I hate new friends as much as you detest a flirt!"

And then, before he can retort, she disappears through an open doorway, leaving him a little crestfallen, and very uneasy in his own mind as to what is to be the end of all this.

The plot of play they are to act is a rather old one. The heroine has two lovers, and plays them off one against the other, in the end falling in love with the one she has at first rejected.

For a time everything goes smoothly enough; and then the third act comes, in which the little coquette follows the lover whose worth she has appreciated too late, and pours out her whole heart to him, fearful of losing him for ever.

Sydney is a capital actress; and, as the eager passionate words of self-reproach fall from her quivering lips, her slight figure swaying to and fro in a simulated agony of doubt and fear, Colonel Vere's heart beats so rapidly that he can scarcely give the required answer.

"Look into my eyes and tell me you love me," is the cruel reply of the now successful lover, in revenge affecting disbelief of her words.

Twice Sydney tries to meet his glance, and then, with an effort—

"I love you!" she cries excitedly, and stands blushing and trembling before him.

A storm of applause follows this, which gives her time to recover herself; but, when the curtain falls and the players are called in front, Sydney is nowhere to be found.

Colonel Vere volunteers to go in search of her; and some instinct guides him straight to the library, where, through the darkness, he see the glimmer of her dress and jewels. He goes straight up to her.

"Sydney, darling, Sydney, what is it?" he asks gently, drawing her to him and stroking her hair fondly.

There is no answer, save a convulsive quiver from head to foot and a vain effort to release herself from his detaining embrace.

"I love you Sydney—will you be my wife?"

He can see her eyes flash in the darkness as she tries to move away.

"Who would dream of wooing a flirt?" she cries bitterly.

"I would," he returns very tenderly. "Sydney, can I win you?"

Her head nestles upon his shoulder, and her hand steals into his.

"I am not worthy of you," she says remorsefully, as with tearful blushes she confesses everything, and how she meant to win him from the first.

For an instant his face clouds over; but the next moment it clears again, and he bends down and kisses her lips.

"Then, at least, my dearest, I was your chosen husband!" he whispers, laughing.

PET HORRORS.

A certain judge abhors figures so much that he always contrives to shuffle out of a case which involves any calculation. His lordship (so the story goes) was once peacefully dozing on the bench when the counsel addressing him made some reference to an amount (meaning a narrative) given by somebody.

"Eh! what's that?" asked the judge, starting from his slumbers. "I did not know we were to have any figures. Oh, I shall refer this case."

Of course there was "laughter in court." The justice himself joined in it when told of his mistake.

A pet horror, too, may be personal—as it was, for example, in the case of Sir John Soame, the architect. His son, George, was a pressman as well as dramatist, and, having quarrelled with his father, he attacked him publicly—ridiculing his lectures, denouncing his style, and pouring the most bitter contempt on his architectural work.

Sir John neither forgot nor forgave this inhuman baseness. The printed attacks, carefully pasted on one sheet, were framed and glazed, surrounded by a black border, and inscribed thus: "Death blows given to his mother by George Soame." The whole was hung over the mantelpiece in Sir John's bedroom, so that he could see it when in bed.

In a sense, then, everybody may be said to have a pet horror; but the true "buggaboo," perhaps, is that which relates to disease and death, and by this only a few are haunted. Some people's dread is corpulency, like Byron's.

Who has not heard how the poet, when in Greece, struggled against a tendency to obesity—how he lived upon dry bread, vegetables, and cheese, and measured his wrist and waist every morning, taking medicine when he found an increase?

More sensible persons fear only certain loathsome or fatal diseases, as smallpox, consumption, or something equally serious. It is foolish to trouble about such things, but very human, nevertheless.

Sterne, we know, "constantly drew the curtain across death," but with the wish that the Disposer of all things would so order it that his end might happen "in a decent inn" rather than in his own house; and Poe longed to die of consumption—that "gentle disease" which takes its victim away "in the heyday of the young blood," with the "heart all passion, the imagination all fire," and "amid the remembrances of happier days."

A New York doctor's horror is cholera. Other diseases, deadly and contagious, he has battled with; but up to a year or so ago he had never seen a case of cholera, nor did he wish to see the Asiatic terror, and, in point of fact, he would have traveled thousands of miles to get out of its reach.

About that time he went to Hong Kong, where, as a physician naturally would, he made a tour of the hospitals. He told his guide, a medical student, that he wanted to see everything except cholera cases—there he drew a hard-and-fast line.

The round of inspection was as enjoyable as anything of the sort can well be until the two came to a man who was evidently dying. The physician's curiosity was roused. He placed his ear to the sufferer's chest, felt his pulse, and studied the pupils of the eyes. When the doctor stood up again, his companion asked him what the case was.

"I never saw a similar one," replied the American; "but if I did not know that you would not lead me to a case of cholera, I should say this was cholera."

"You're right," said the guide coolly; whereupon the physician rushed out of the hospital, and afterwards took quinine until his head nearly burst.

He caught neither cholera nor the student, though he tried very hard for the latter.

We have always with us, too, a number of people morbidly apprehensive of fire or accident. Nearly all women are more or less solicitous about what the picturesque reporter calls "the devouring element;" but the most timid of the sex can hardly be worse than was Barnum, the showman, who kept in his house some dozens of hand grenades and a fire engine with the steam always up, or the owner-builder of a curious turreted private residence at Hampstead. This man had place on the top of his house an extraordinary number of lightning conductors.

The roof, in fact, bristled with them. As an additional protection, he had erected outside the building an iron staircase, communicating with doors that opened outwards on each landings, so that in case of an outbreak of fire the inmates might easily escape.

Touching accidents, there died a short time ago a nobleman who never would travel by rail. When traveling he posted the distance, no matter how long it might be.

Burial alive is the horror of a good many people; so, at least, thinks an ingenious inventor whose nationality may be guessed. This gentleman's idea takes the form of an open tube, containing a rope ladder, and also a bell and cord.

One end of the tube fits in the coffin lid, immediately over the face of the corpse, while the other obtrudes above the ground. Thus, if a man should be in a trance, he can, on awakening, choose between ringing the bell and summoning assistance and making his way out by means of the ladder.

Should he do neither the one nor the other within a reasonable time, the tube can be withdrawn, releasing a lid which closes the opening.

It is a beautiful idea—almost as beautiful as that of the man who, to allay the dread of those who fear that their bones will be disturbed, invented a "torpedo grave," the merit of which is that, if it is meddled with, it explodes and scatters all around to the winds—including, we suppose, the corpse.

IT WAS ONLY HOPE DEFERRED.—It was in the sweet Summer time.

They had been married one short week and were down by the sea.

For two days he had been wandering about aimlessly, as one in a dream.

The shadow had fallen upon him and its chill had touched the gentle heart of the fair sweet bride.

She had watched him, oh, so anxiously, and had known no peace since the clammy touch of the shadow had fallen upon them both.

This morning he had gone out to a lonely place on the rocks overlooking the wide expanse of the silent sea.

The cruel green waves came beating in upon the cold, gray rocks and they seemed to be sounding his requiem.

Far off on the rolling waves a sail broke the horizon line and his listless eyes followed it in its course.

Here she found him wrapped in his revery. She spoke to him, but he heeded her not.

His eyes were turned seaward as if they would pierce the veil of distance and carry him on their wing to the unseen shore beyond.

She touched him and he started up, bewildered at the awakening.

"Oh, Harold," she moaned, "tell me what is the matter? We were so happy and you know we were going to Europe on our bridal tour."

"Yes, yes," he murmured.

"And are we going, Harold, darling?" she whispered.

His hand struck down upon his pockets hysterically and once more he looked out upon the calm sea.

"Yes, darling, yes," he answered, taking her to his breast, "just as soon as it gets dry enough for us to walk."

A limp and listless form hung in his arms—his bonnie bride had fainted.

"DE MAN dat says he nebber wus afraid of anyt'ing, deah breddern, hes evidently nebber had de experience ob totin' his best gal aroun' for de inspexshun an criticism ob his female relashuns."

Scientific and Useful.

A NEW ETCHING PROCESS.—An electrician has invented a process of etching on metal by means of electricity, thereby dispensing with the use of acids for this purpose. The image is first transferred to the plate by photographic methods.

ASBESTOS FOR BOILERS.—The French Admiralty has adopted for covering the boilers of war ships mattresses or cushions made of asbestos cloth and stuffed with some non-conducing material, such as silicate cotton or asbestos fibre.

LEATHERS.—The time is coming when a great saving can be made in the use of leather. Belting to drive machinery is now manufactured of links of metal, of rope, of cotton, and, by a new discovery, of paper. The durability and strength of the paper belts have sustained favorable tests.

INVALID'S CHAIR.—Among the latest inventions is an electrically propelled invalid's chair in which the guiding apparatus resembles that of an ordinary low-seated tricycle. At one side of the seat is a lever connecting with a resistance box for controlling the single reduction, slow-speed motor. Current is supplied from storage batteries placed under the seat.

PRUSSIC ACID.—Prussic acid, which in a mild way is used to flavor sweets, and is a very common medicine, is never sold by chemists except diluted with fifty times its own quantity of water. The pure acid is such a deadly poison, that supposing a small bottle of it were broken in the centre of a crowded theatre, only those nearest the door would escape with their lives. Inhalation of the fumes alone would be sufficient to cause instant death.

WOOD CONCRETE.—A new wood concrete has been invented in Germany. Shavings and planing mill chips, either of common or fancy woods, which may be stained before use if desired, are mixed with cheese or rather casein, calcined magnesian limestone, glycerine, silicate of soda, and a little linseed oil, and this is forced by hydraulic pressure into moulds, where it is allowed to harden. When dry, the composition is strong and solid, and can be sawed, planed, polished and varnished. It is expected that it will be found useful as an "ornament" in the shape of panels, or as a covering for entire wall surfaces.

Farm and Garden.

IN THE FIELDS.—It is better to haul the manure to the fields than to expose it to rains and melting snows during the winter when heaped in the barnyard.

SOAPSUDS.—The best place for soapsuds is on the manure heap. A chemical reaction occurs in the heap by the use of the suds, and much of the ammonia will be saved. All liquid wastes can be added to the heap with advantage.

CARROTS.—A few carrots given daily to the horses and cows will be considered a luxury by them, and the carrots will greatly benefit them. One of the best modes of providing a natural butter color for the butter is to use carrots for the cows.

ACCIDENT.—There is a horse accident Prevention Society in London, to which nearly all horse owners belong. Its aim is to keep all slippery pavements sanded or gravelled, and strives constantly toward the desired end of uniform pavements in the driving districts.

MANURE.—The manure for the garden should be free from coarse litter. It may be spread on the garden plot, at their season, fresh from the stalls, but if spreading the manure is delayed until spring the manure should then be well rotted. Much will be gained be burning the garden over, and plowing it, if the ground is not frozen, and then plowing again in the spring.

GOOD ANIMALS.—No one can buy as good an animal as he can breed unless he knows something of the animal he buys, yet nine dairymen in ten will buy all their fresh cows from any source where the cows can be procured. If a cow has just calved it covers all other considerations. No one can buy a cow and know what he is buying if she is to be used in the dairy. She must be tried in order to learn her worth, and even if she proves a good milker she may be vicious and unsafe. The only sure way to have good cows is to raise them.

IT IS WELL TO GET CLEAR OF A COLD the first week, but it is much better and safer to rid yourself of it the first forty-eight hours—the proper remedy for the purpose being Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

FEW consider that enjoyment must have its moments of rest as well as labor.

Comfort and Consolation.

Those who have experienced grief know very well that in the depth of our sorrow the sharpest pang is felt when we revert to happiness that never can return, and that it is in the dead unhappy night, in the low moaning of the wind and the dull pattering of the rain, that we toss and turn sleeplessly and without comfort, a resting-place of roses becoming as uneasy to us as Damien's bed of steel—more uneasy than the fiery couch of the martyr who is upheld by his faith.

And perhaps it is only the middle-aged or the very thoughtful young men and women who can drink the cup of sorrow to its dregs, and know how hopelessly comfortless some miseries are.

To the young there remains always an outlook, some happy illusion, some gilded hope. There is a rebound, a resiliency in their nature which time only can effectually daunt. They have failed once or twice, but they may yet succeed.

But it is in the dead waste and middle of life that the conviction is borne in upon man and woman that the estimate that they have formed of themselves, and that which the world has formed of them, do not agree, and that they have to be judged by the world—by that world, too, on which, as artists, actors, authors, lawyers, or divines, or as mere simple artisans and men of business, they are dependent.

With this lowering experience comes that feeling and knowledge of folly on their own part, of wrong on that of others, of very sharp dealing where they had looked for help, of failure of fortune, of death of friends, and of the ingratitude and heedlessness of children.

We are not endeavoring to exaggerate or to crowd the incidents of misfortunes. Too many readers know that these sorrows do not come singly, but grow like currants, in a bunch, and that it is not the first, or the second, or the third, but the last, and perhaps the lightest, link in the long chain of misfortune that awakens them to what they are. Whither are they then to turn for consolation?

A false way of comforting one in sorrow is to tell him that others suffer also, which to many is a greater infliction. Even the healthy and untaught heart of Miranda, in the "Tempest," acknowledges the blessed feeling of brotherhood with beings she has never before seen, when she cries, "Oh, I have suffered with those that I saw suffer."

Surely it is an aggravation of our own woe if we are told that ten thousand times ten thousand others are suffering with us, and are tortured with the pains we bear.

Yet another blundering way of healing a wound is to look at it and to suggest "that it might have been worse." That is by no means the question.

A, having been robbed by a confidential clerk of a hundred dollars, is consoled by B with the old dried truism that it might have been a thousand. C, who breaks his leg just when he wishes to be particularly active, is told that it is exceedingly lucky that it was not his back. But what A and C groan under are the smaller pains, which are felt to be enough. They do not want any platitudes or commonplaces—in fact, nothing is so irritating.

What an invalid desires is to be consoled for the trouble that he has in hand, not for that which possibly might have occurred.

A last rough-and-ready method of consolation is to tell the sufferer that he must grin and put up with it, and that it is lucky that he can do so; grumbling (it is generally added by such Stoics—it is so very easy to bear another man's troubles, and to look cheerful while Jones is suffering from the toothache) will only make it worse.

Well, there is truth in that. A man not only can but must bear pain; and it is wondrous how cheerfully and for many years he will bear it. But at the first inception of trouble and sorrow we are by no means sure that grumbling does not do good.

The old women are wiser. "Have a good cry, dear," they say; "it will do you good." Surgeons are wiser. "Cry out; don't be afraid," they say to a woman or to a man, when undergoing some painful operation.

Do not be so stoically an ass as to suppose that the flesh will not quiver when the pincers tear. A donkey bears a good many blows without stirring, but happily a donkey has a very thick skin. Cry out and spare not at first, and then bear it well afterwards.

And, of all consolers, do not seek the most learned and best taught in science and philosophy, but seek plain simple-minded friends, those in poor and tried conditions—those who have been used to trouble and affliction, and know the ways thereof.

Lastly, reason as to misfortune and suffering. We are speaking outside of religion now—a truly religious man does not need consolation; but there are those who are in pain and distress besides the truly religious, and they may reflect that, as from each end of a long and complicated line of railway, invented by man, trains start at stated hours and perform their distances in stated times, arriving at even the most insignificant station at the hour and minute on the bill, so even illnesses and afflictions of various kinds and sorts must be laid down in the way-bill of our life by an all-seeing Father who cares and provides for all. That He is the Author of these we for one do not for a moment suppose, but He permits them, and we are thought worthy to suffer.

IT is a precept of good manners and good sense, and therefore of good style, to adapt your allusions to your audience. People who obtrude their particular "shop" on mixed company, or perplex the strangers within their gates with unintelligible family jokes, are guilty of intolerably bad manners. So, in literature, persistent allusions to out-of-the-way and obscure books and characters are equally a piece of bad manners. Allusiveness is felt to be offensive the moment the allusions are not understood.

EXERTION, whether called labor, recreation, or amusement, is essential to health; and, as the body was made for labor, work is its natural and honorable duty. An idle man or woman is a discredit to the race, and unusually liable to fall into disease, whilst an industrious person adds to the wealth of the country, and is more likely to be healthy and happy.

THERE are none living who do not, in a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others. The sense of contributing to the pleasures of others augments our own happiness. Unselfishness, Christian charity, and loving-kindness are sunbeams of the soul.

IT takes two to make a quarrel or a scandal. Be neither first nor second, and there cannot be a third. In every man's nature there is an interior unexplored as that of Africa, and over that region what wild beasts may roam!

THAT man only is truly educated who has been so trained in his youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and performs with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of doing.

CHEERFULNESS is a great tonic. It is light and air to our moral nature; and to be without it is to be without something that answers to the mind for what clothing and shelter is to the body.

THE pebbles in our path weary us, and make us footsore more than the rocks, which require only a bold effort to surmount.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

L. B. S.—Laurel or bay leaves are used to pack round figs in their boxes to keep insects from them.

MUDDLER.—A phonograph is a sound-writer, and a telephone is a sound-transmitter. The two things are altogether distinct.

S. P. J.—If one's means will permit of such, there is nothing more appropriate or elegant than a diamond ring for an engagement ring.

M. B.—You must attend to the small courtesies of life. A person may have virtue, capacity and good conduct, and yet be insupportable. The manners which are neglected as small things are often those which decide men and women for or against you.

C. S. W.—The young man has proved to be very fickle, and it would therefore be advisable to treat him only as a friend, and not as a lover. Neither of you appear to know what true love is, and should not attempt experiment in the manner described.

JEAN PAUL.—The Parcæ, or Fates, were the three sisters who were supposed by the ancients to spin the thread of human life. Lachesis is represented with a spindle, and signifies lot, or chance; Clotho, or the spinner, holds the thread; and Atropos, unalterable fate holds the scissors with which she cuts it off.

MORTIMER.—Philomela is the ancient name of the nightingale. The sweetest song is said to be that of the Persian bird. The nightingale usually begins to sing at the latter end of April. As a cage bird it requires considerable attention and patient care. One of its peculiarities is a dislike of change in situation.

EUTERPE.—Euterpe presided over lyric poetry, and played on the flute, of which she is said to have been the inventor. She is generally represented as crowned with flowers, with a flute in her hand, or various musical instruments around her. She is also represented as dancing. She was one of the nine muses.

J. L. M.—There have been a great many classifications of the virtues. One of them, which was pretty widely accepted in ancient times, adopted wisdom as the virtue of reason, courage as the virtue of the heart, temperance as the virtue of the senses, and justice as the virtue that regulates the other three.

CONSTANT.—Your friend who asserts that the memorable Battle of Waterloo was the concluding victory of the Peninsular War is certainly wrong. That war was caused by Napoleon seeking to make his brother Joseph, King of Spain. Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) landed in Portugal in 1808; drove the French before him across the Pyrenees in 1813; and scattered the remains of Soult's army at Toulouse (April 14, 1814). The war ended with the abdication of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbons in Paris and Madrid. The treaty of peace was signed in Paris, May 30, 1814.

J. ALLEN.—The nose-bleeding which you complain of is very likely due to your occupation in a hot atmosphere. You will understand how much depends on this. Plunging the hands into cold water, and holding them in it; the application of ice to the forehead; lying down flat on the back in a cool air when the attack comes on; abstinence from stimulants, hot drinks, and excitement of all kinds is advisable. But work before a big fire, such as you have to do, is quite enough to account for nose-bleeding, especially in a temperament predisposed to it.

MILLICENT.—Ogres are the imaginary monsters with which the nursery tales are filled. They are generally represented as endowed with extraordinary height and strength and as cannibals of most malignant dispositions. The term ogre is thought by many writers to have come from the Ogurs, or Onogurs, a desperate and savage Asiatic horde, which overran a part of Europe about the middle of the fifth century. Others think that the term is derived from Oogir, one of the giants in the Scandinavian mythology. The word is pronounced as if spelled o'ger, the accent on the first syllable.

W. R. G.—A first-class black ink—writing pale at first, but afterwards turning intensely black—may be made by adhering closely to the following formula: Steep in a clean corked bottle for ten days, or even longer, with frequent agitation, four ounces of well-bruised Aleppo galls in one quart of clean soft water. Then add one ounce and a quarter of gum arabic (dissolved in a wineglass of water), and half an ounce of lump sugar. Mix well, and afterwards add one ounce and a half of green copperas, crushed small. Agitate occasionally for two or three days, and then pour off for use. Much better ink is obtained if the mixture is allowed to stand two or three weeks.

TROUBLED.—Blushing is as much anything else the result of unreadiness. If you were prepared always to answer when spoken to, and knew what to say when certain things were said to you, you would not require either to blush or stammer. Consider which of your acquaintances is the pleasantest to meet. Think what it is, as a rule, he or she says when the meeting takes place, and then decide whether you could not say the same thing in the same way if you tried; also, if you could not copy him or her in any respects; at the same time copying what you admired in the manners of other acquaintances. In fact, make a study of good manners, and you will soon cease from blushing.

WAITING.

BY W. W. LORD.

I fold my tired hands and wait,
Careless of storms upon life's sea;
No more contentions hold with fate,
For my own love will come to me.

Here quiet sit I through the day,
And let the world go on apace;
Soon coming up love's wondrous way,
I'll see my darling's face.

A Valentine Dream.

BY L. S.

THERE was rather a grand sound about the name to the girl in whose head Lord Warrenden of Dene had been ringing all day: not making music there: at least, not making such music as might have been expected.

It brought up visions which were strangely conflicting, as she sat by the fire, hearing it again and again with new wonder at the importance it had suddenly assumed for her.

A tall lady in velvet stood on the hearth-rug, complacency beaming out of every feature of the well-preserved face, which she turned presently to the slighter figure in the easy chair.

"I scarcely expected it of him yet, Bertha," said this lady, with triumphant emphasis, "though of course I knew what was going on in his mind. Let me see—how does he sign himself?"

There was a sort of instinctive movement of the younger lady's fingers towards a letter which lay half-folded on a bracket beside her—an impulse of rebellion against this letter passing under any eyes but those for which it had been intended. Whatever her own indifference to the writer, his written profession of love was sacred.

"The signature is Warrenden, Aunt Maude," she answered, carelessly; and then flushing a hot red, she added, a little louder, "If you knew that this sort of thing was coming, you were wiser than I was. It never entered my head at all, and I hope you don't think I have done anything to encourage Lord Warrenden, knowing as you do that I am——"

"Hush!" interrupted Aunt Maude. "I know that a foolish boy and girl friendship between you and James Douglas might have led you both into sentimental fancies; but it was a silly affair, never likely to come to anything. And, after all, you have never heard from him, and the year is over."

A heart less fortified by a sense of duty than the one under that velvet bodice might have been touched by the appeal and reproach in the girl's face; but Mrs. Walsingham Pole abhorred weakness and what she called sentiment.

"The year is over," she repeated. "Come, Bertie, be sensible. I wished you to be with me, in order that you might see a little of life before committing an irretrievable folly. If I remember rightly, you were both to wait twelve months, and then, if nothing had driven the foolishness out of your heads——"

"Aunt Maude," broke in the niece, "I am as much bound as if it had been a real engagement."

"What if the gentleman has repented? as of course he has done, or you would have heard from him. Bertie, do you know I am a little shocked to see that you have no proper pride."

Mrs. Pole's voice had a ring of mild forbearance in it which struck chill on her niece's heart.

Bertie knew what it meant, knew that, however it had been acquired, her aunt had some wonderful power over her, against which it seemed useless to struggle.

And then Mrs. Pole's face relaxed, and she glanced smilingly down at the little fingers that were nervously fidgeting with the crested envelope of Lord Warrenden's letter.

"I suppose it was a bit of romance on his part to send that to-day," continued Aunt Maude. "You never had such a Valentine before, and never will have such another. I consider it my work, in part, and I am gratified. I could not have done better for you if you had been my own daughter. I have seen the Warrenden diamonds, Bertie. But you don't listen! What's the matter?"

Bertie started at the sharpened accents of these last words, and looked up.

She had been thinking, with a tinge of contempt, of romance in connection with Lord Warrenden, his fifty years, his made-up figure, and the ugly glass eye which had been wont to oppress her with so painful a sense of its unreality.

"Aunt Maude," she said, vehemently, "you know there is no romance about it. Lord Warrenden is old and ugly. I don't think he is a good man, and perhaps you know that he is not—I can't tell. He only wants to marry me because——"

"Well?" interrupted Aunt Maude, "because——"

"He thinks I should look well at the head of his table," said Bertie, utterly careless as to any construction of self-conceit which might be put upon the speech.

"And so you will, my dear," was the calm answer. "I don't know any one who would grace it better. I ought not to say it perhaps, but you are very much improved since you came to me.

"You must write your answer, however, and let them know at home. The news will relieve all anxiety concerning your future; and you know as well as I do," said Mrs. Pole, gravely, "that there are many to be provided for by it."

And then she added, cheerfully, "Dene is rather different from a country rectory, my dear. What a heroine you will be at home! that is, when I can part with you; but it won't be yet."

For an instant the dreary face in the easy chair lighted up with a strange, fitful energy, which broke out in the pleading cry, "Home! Let me go, Aunt Maude—let me go back! The idle life here has spoiled me. I am selfish and wicked. Let me go back to them all."

Mrs. Walsingham Pole put out one soft white hand and patted her niece's head.

"I know all about it, my dear," she said. "You are a little overcome: it's quite natural; and you are tired, too, with last night's late hours. Perhaps we had better spare you the dinner party this evening.

"The dinner party!" said Bertie. "Oh yes, yes, I want quiet."

"And then you have your letter to write," continued her aunt; "but that will do by-and-by. Try to rest a little. It is time to dress now, and I must go. You make a cosy picture, my dear. Good-bye for the present."

With the high sweep of the Lady's draperies and the soft closing of the door came a sigh of relief from the young girl who made so pleasant a picture in the firelight.

There was nothing pleasant about it to her. She passed her hands over her eyelids wearily, and a picture came up before her out of a time which seemed so far away.

There were snowdrops in her hand and at her feet; they covered the dell like a carpet; the air was alive with the Spring songs of a thousand birds; an old playfellow, friend—something more now than either—walked by her side: and those two were in a dream, and it was very sweet.

What had she to do with such a picture now? Was she even certain that it had any charms for her? Twelve months ago the question would never have suggested itself, but a year spent with Mrs. Walsingham Pole could not be without its effect, and Bertie was dazzled.

There was no luxury, such as she had become accustomed to, in that simple country home, to which her thoughts turned with a strange mixture of longing and dread; and she was like one blinded by the noon-day sun, who sees only darkness and confusion when he looks around him from it.

From time to time, too, a sudden wonder at the great future which lay within her reach would come over her. What would life be like down at Dene? Would they be proud at the old rectory—so far away, so very far—to hear of her, not as the half-formed school-girl, who once walked with James Douglas amongst the snowdrops, and thought life had no sweeter lot, but taking her place amongst the great ones of the world, as——

Here Bertie stopped short with a throb of pain. Was she drifting away already?—caught by the glitter of some unknown grandeur?—false at heart? For at the thought of the man who could give her all this, came a shudder of strong abhorrence.

And yet, her aunt's words were all true. They were poor at home, and had many to care for. And the boys—what might such influence as Lord Warrenden's do for that sturdy midshipman whose brown face came up before her so vividly?

And Jame had forgotten, or changed! Bertie's hands clasped each other tightly, and her lips were pale. Her head ached, and her heart was very sore. Moreover, down deep below the courage that showed sometimes on the surface, she knew that there was cowardice and weakness.

She had a terrible dread of Mrs. Walsingham Pole; of being driven in some mysterious way down with the current, even if it were from sheer weariness and inability to struggle against it.

"I have heard," said the girl, leaning forward to look into the fire, "of some wonderful fascination which leads monomaniacs on to do the very thing they dread most. I wonder if it's true?"

A small quick footstep fell on the carpet, and a child's hand was slipped into the one that shaded her cheek.

"Are you crying?" said the intruder. "Have you been naughty?"

Bertie did not smile. She only looked into the boy's face with a confused perception of the gulf there was between them, and a vain longing after her own childhood, with its happy unconsciousness of the graver circumstances of life.—"It's time for little boys to be in bed, Frank," said Bertie.

The boy nodded, and put his hands behind him, standing in front of her like an embryo inquisitor.

"Susan says you're going to marry the man with the glass eye," said the child. "I'll never care for you again, if you do. I hate him. He's a beast!" "Frank!" said Bertie, childingly.

"He is," persisted the boy. "He boxed my ears once, and swore at me. I dare say he'll box yours. And so, if he does, I won't be sorry one bit, for——"

Bertie covered up the rosy lips hastily. "That will do, Frank," said she. "You came to say good night."

"Well, yes, I did," he replied. "And I'll kiss you now, but I won't then, mind. And you must promise never to scold me for saying a naughty word any more. He does it."

Bertie sunk back in her chair and hid her face. Out of all her loneliness and perplexity, and the fear which hung about that absent aunt who had so large a claim upon her gratitude, and would stretch the claim to its utmost, rose up, strong and passionate, a cry to the old love for help. She was so lonely. There would be no one on her side. Where was he? and why did he make no sign?

* * * * * *

The bells were ringing in the village tower, and there was feasting and merriment at Lord Warrenden's place down at Dene; and Bertie sat by my lord's side in his carriage, conscious of his presence, but not shrinking from it, not caring for it. She was his wife. How it had come about she could never tell, only there it was, a monstrous reality—a change in her life which must be for ever, so far as concerned this world.

Bertie's heart was cold like ice within her; it seemed as though the blood had left it on her wedding-day, and never come back again. Even Lord Warrenden's voice, when she heard it, failed to make any stir in the dull passiveness of her quiescence.

"I am a stranger almost on my own property," said my lord; "I have the country; it bores me."

And Bertie, looking at him, saw the impatient shrug with which he turned from the sight of his own woods and the people who were assembled to welcome him and his bride.

"We shall not stop here long," continued his lordship, "among a set of country boors, who crawl from the cradle to the grave, and never know what life means. You won't want to stop, eh?"

That old sharp "eh?"—how well she knew it! how often it had struck upon her harshly, and made her shrink from the eye which seemed always full of scrutiny, and yet saw nothing!

"You won't want to stop?" repeated my lord, peevishly.

Bertie's lips moved; and a voice, which sounded to her like a stranger's said, "As you please."

"If you do, however," said my lord, "it need make no difference to me after a while. We shall have to give a series of dreary entertainments, I suppose, but I will tell you my wishes on that head later. Are you tired?"

"Not very," was the murmured reply.

My lord muttered something under his breath, and then went on aloud, "Hark at the idiots! What, in the name of absurdity, have they got to shout about? We must be civil to them, however. Remember that, if you please."

And then there was a confused noise in Bertie's ears of shouting and cheering, a brief speech from Lord Warrenden, who stood bareheaded to make it,—none but Bertie knowing that his smiles were sneers and his courteous words the grimmest satires; for had he not told her that he hated these country boors? Then he led her up the stone steps into the entrance-hall; stopped there, with a "Welcome to Dene!" and bent down to kiss her hand.

It was deadly cold. She thought that this must have struck him, for he started back and muttered out, "The deuce!"

That, too, was an old expression, but she did not heed it.

Alone at last in her own room, haunted by long galleries, from the walls of which dead Warrendens looked down upon her in ghastly wardenships, something touched the ice about her heart and melted it: only a bunch of snowdrops! They drooped in their tiny vase, as if entreating her to look at them, and a spot of water fell upon her fingers.

It felt burning hot, as though the flowers swept for her. Then Bertie flung herself down upon the carpet, and broke into sobs of passionate despair. What had she done?—and why? There were urgings and warnings from her aunt to be remembered; warm congratulations and gladness from home; there was silence from the old love, which stung her pride, and bade her show him that she cared no more than he did.

By and by followed a dreadful day when she stood at the altar, and vowed to love and honor the man whose presence already she was beginning to loathe.

What madness had been upon her that she should have done this! She remembered tears and blessings from loving lips—blessings to which her own could answer nothing.

But above all, and more bitter than all, standing out in bold relief from the motley of the show, she remembered in one corner of the church a pale, stern face, full of grave reproach—the face of James Douglas. Ah, he should have come before, or not at all.

She rose up from this burst of despondency to look in the glass at the face which had taken Lord Warrenden's fancy. She saw no beauty in it now; only the stony pallor of the death-in-life. She took up the snowdrops, and leaned out of the window, putting them to her lips.

Pleasant sounds were in the air. It was sweet with the breath of Spring flowers; in the tree whose branches tapped the window a thrush was singing, and the distant music of the rustic band playing in her honor reached her.

A strange sensation of having gone through it all before came over her; of having some time long ago, seen this place, and the dead Warrendens, and the woods beyond the village stretching away almost as far as she could see. Once she had loved the country; she would never love anything again.

"My lady, if you please, my lord is waiting dinner."

My lady! Bertie started out of her reverie like one stung at the title. Was it for this that she had sold all the beauty and hope of life? She placed the snowdrops in her bosom, and then plucked them away again with a quick, passionate gesture. They were no longer for her. Clasping them tight for a moment, she threw them into the fire, and watched them curl up as if in agony, and burn away. So passed the old spirit from her for ever, and entered the new.

That night Lord Warrenden asked for music, and she gave it him. He wandered about restlessly, looking from time to time towards her without speaking; but she felt his eye always upon her, and shuddered to think that, as it was now, so it must be for ever. At length she heard him stop, and knew that he was standing over her, watching her; she almost felt his breath upon her cheek as he spoke.

"Lady Warrenden, it seems to me that I have married a ghost. Will you tell me how long this is to go on? I have had the blues often enough—I don't want them now. I intended my wife to be companionable, or she would never have been my wife."

Bertie's lips unclosed, but her heart turned colder than ever.

"I cannot alter my nature, Lord Warrenden. You knew what I was before you chose me."

"I'll be hanged if I know the walking statue you have developed into!" burst out my lord, with sudden passion. "I've done a fool's trick, it seems; but it's early days to find it out."

"My lord," said Bertie, turning her pale face to him, "you know all there was to be known before it was too late. I told you I had no love to give. You heard from my aunt——"

"Pardon," interrupted Lord Warrenden—"we have done with Mrs. Walsingham Pole. I never did more than tolerate her, and now there is no necessity for that."

"Your lordship will remember that you

are speaking of my relative," said Bertie.

"I remember nothing of the kind," said he said. "When you became Lady Warrenden you ceased to have any relatives but mine."

A spasm of intense desolation and fear shot through Bertie's heart.

"Do you mean—you cannot mean, that my sisters—my——"

"Once more pardon me," said my lord, with an air of the most polished courtesy, "and listen to me for a few moments. When you did me the honor to enter my family, you left your own. An intellect so acute as yours must have divined, and been prepared for the fact, that no intercourse could possibly take place between people of stations so widely apart.

"The anomaly would would be absurd. You are Lady Warrenden, of Dene. I have no wish to hurt your feelings, or to speak slightingly of those whose place in society was once your own. I have no doubt that they were very worthy people. Simply, for you, they have ceased to be. May I hope that you understand me?"

The shadow grew darker on Bertie's face, and she put up one hand to hide it. Lord Warrenden waited a little, but no answer came.

"I will take it for granted that you understand," he said. "Of your coldness to myself I say no more; time may alter it. But remember, if you please, that towards my guests I shall look for a different bearing. May I request an answer to this?"

"I will do my best."

So slow was the articulation, so faint and strange the voice, that Bertie thought he would fail to hear it, and she looked up in dread; but he had already left her; and she was alone in the vast rooms, the splendor of which she once suffered herself to dream about.

A dull pain was throbbing at her heart; a chill numbness in the fingers shading her face. She tried to stretch them towards the fire, but could not. It seemed to her that she was fainting, and that her last conscious thought was, "Could there be no remedy? Must it always be like this?"

No, not always the same. The days dragged on wearily; but still my lord stayed on in the country, and Bertie had grown to fear him with a very terrible fear. He dogged her footsteps everywhere.

If she walked up and down the stone terrace, as she did from time to time, suddenly from some window, half hidden by curtains, his face would meet her eye, cold, watching, and suspicious.

That heart which had lain so dead within her would tremble and throb at these times, and ghastly recollections of stories, read long ago, would flash upon her mind. Was she going mad? or did he think she was, and so watch her? If she were to go mad, would he shut her up? A sense of suffocation swept over her at the thought, and she said to herself that death would be better.

She fancied that the servants too watched her movements. About the whole place and its inhabitants there hung a shadow, as though they were but the phantoms of a past existence, with which her own past had nothing to do.

And always, when her thoughts went back into that life from which the present was so strangely separated, she saw like a connecting link, the pale face by the pillar, which had met her eyes on her wedding day. Where was he?

From time to time Bertie craved for a sight of that face, living—to see him, herself unseen, that she at least might know him to be alive. And the sight she longed for was granted to her. One again, in the village church, the bells of which had pealed out rejoicings for her, she saw him suddenly.

The face met her gaze from the pulpit; it was unchanged, still pale and stern, and full of misery and reproach. She was conscious of no surprise, no wondering conjectures as to his presence, nothing but the fact that he was there preaching to her; for as he preached it seemed to her that his grave, mournful sermon was in some way the echo of her own story.

She could not bear it. The very tones of his voice hurt her like positive physical pain, and turning away, Bertie met the eager gaze of Lord Warrenden fixed upon her, and a spasm of fear shot through her heart. He placed her hand within his arm, and drew her away. She saw him bite his lips, heard the anger in his impatient steps along the stone terrace; sat down with a sickening heart when he pointed to a chair in the large, cold drawing-room, and stood looking down upon her with his one cruel eye.

"You are faint and trembling, my lady," said his lordship. "These meetings with old lovers are too much for delicate constitutions; we must guard against them."

Bertie's eyes fell under his scrutiny. So he knew, then; he was jealous.

"Yes," said Lord Warrenden, replying to her thought, "I know about your father's curate, James Douglas; a fine fellow, doubtless, but his charms were as nothing in the balance against mine, you know. I fear it is too late to compare them now. I hate the country, Lady Warrenden, but you will never be free from me. I stay to keep guard over you; what could loving husband do more?"

One faint appeal came from Bertie's lips in answer.

"Lord Warrenden, you are killing me."

"Not so, my lady," said he, turning from her with a smile; "on the contrary, see how solicitous I am for your health! Suffer me to get you some water, and put open this window, the air is fresh and pleasant, is it not? So! that will do, then. I leave you reluctantly, and I recommend repose as the best restorative. We shall meet at dinner."

For a while Bertie sat motionless where he left her, but all at once the atmosphere grew stifling, the walls of the room seemed to be closing round her, and his face was everywhere. Wrapping her shawl about her, she passed through the open window and away into the woods which Lord Warrenden hated. Bertie did not hate them. Here there was a certain sense of freedom; a brief security from his presence.

Here she could take off the mask of passiveness; could let it fall at her feet, and sigh out to the bare trees the despair that hung over her life. And the branches that swayed to and fro above her were like the arms of giant protectors; and the wind sighing amongst them fell upon her ear like a voice of sorrowful pity.

The day waned, and twilight fell over the wood, yet she wandered on. Far away in its depths, dark and still under the interlaced arms of the leafless beeches, there lay a tiny lake. Bertie stood beside it, looking down upon its calm surface, and saw therein her own face.

A strange tumult stirred in her heart; it seemed as if that face, the reflection of her own, was beckoning to her; as if, by-and-by, she herself should lie thus, with gaze upturned to the waving branches, and the blue sky between them.

Her head was hot. How cool it would be down there in the water. A thrill of fascination drew her to the dark water; her heart ached so bitterly for rest, and it was so quiet and still down there.

Suddenly, as she looked into the pool, her life seemed to go from her and every limb to be paralysed. Another face was there beside her own, in the water.

She had heard no step amongst the decaying leaves, had left no signs of his presence: but a hand closed upon her arm firmly, and she saw Lord Warrenden's face and knew that it was livid with passion. Would he kill her? She had heard of such things. A plunge into the pool, and it would close over her. No one need know whose hand had done the deed.

"So you have come here to meet him?" said my lord.

He pointed forwards with his disengaged hand, and Bertie saw that James Douglas was coming toward them out of the trees. She struggled to free herself from that vice-like hand. A great cry broke from her—"James! dear James, save me!"

* * * * * *

Bertie awoke. A dark figure was standing there, on Mrs. Walsingham Pole's hearth. It came nearer—it bent down on one knee before her and uttered her name. —"Bertie mine own! what sin I to save you from?"

But Bertie drew her breath in sobbing gasps, and covered her face.

"What is it, my love? Try to tell me."

"Only a dream, James—a very horrible dream! But oh, I am glad it is over! I am glad you are come."

He took the hands from her face to hold them in his own; and thus he read Lord Warrenden's letter, and looked at her, smiling a look full of trust.

"I am come for my wife, Bertie."

She only threw the letter into the grate, and put her head down upon his shoulder, like a tired child.

"Take me home, James," she sighed. "I think I should die if I were to stop here. You won't go away and leave me again?"

"Never, dear Bertie,—never."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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The Ghost of St. Elspeth

BY GEORGE FOSBERY.

AMOS GUINGELL was the ne'er-do-weel of the Cornish village of St Elspeth.

While the fishermen went out in the boats to earn their living, Amos would sit idly on the cliff and flick pebbles into the heaving water below.

When the village folk flocked to the town on market-day, Amos was the only one who omitted to combine business with pleasure, and who invariably returned in a condition the reverse of sober.

When his neighbors had gone to bed, and had fallen into their first sweep sleep, Amos would reel down the cobble-paved street with clattering footsteps, and with a coarse song upon his tongue.

On Sunday, when all other respectable people had gone up the hill to the church on the cliff, Amos was generally gazing dreaming at the Red Rock Lighthouse out at sea, or prowling around in search of something to appropriate, or of an opportunity for damaging his neighbors' property.

Amos never honestly earned anything; and consequently he was never in possession of any spare cash; except when, by means of persuasion and threats artfully intermingled, he prevailed upon his grandmother to give a shilling or two.

Granny Guingell was quite a public functionary at St. Elspeth. Not only did she clean out the church and act as pew-opener, but whenever an increase of the population was expected, Granny Guingell's services were engaged.

Woe betide every interested person if they were not! She had been present in her professional character and as presiding genius at the arrival of every human novelty in that community for well-nigh fifty years.

Thus she came to be considered, or at any rate she came to consider herself, indispensable at every such ceremony; moreover, she let people know it.

At this very time she was anxiously looking forward to a call on business of this same profitable nature;

Peter Robbins, the grocer, danced to and fro from his wife behind the shop to Granny Guingell behind her knitting, twenty times a day to announce, so far, that he had nothing to announce.

Thus Granny Guingell had managed to put by a tidy sum against the evil day if it should ever overtake her. And this same tidy sum her grandson's idleness and extravagance tended ever to diminish.

He was now in search of her and of her money, being, for some reason or other, more than usually pressed for lack of that commodity.

"Wherever be her got to? drat her! Her has got a proper lot o' cash put away somewheres or another. I've a-looked up the chimley, I've a-looked in the bed, I've a-looked in the old chiney tea-pot, I've a-dived down into the cellar, and clomb up into the roof; I've looked up and down everywhere; and for certain sure the money bain't in the house. Wherever can it be?"

While indulging in these edifying reflections, he slouched round a corner and came suddenly upon the person of whom he was in search.

A small knot of gossips stood and listened to Granny Guingill, who was entertaining them by holding forth upon her pet subject.

"Oh, it's no laughing matter, I tell 'ee! I wouldn't go nigh that there after dark—not if you'd give me five hund'r'd pounds!"

"Yes, sure enough! I've heard tell dreadful tales about the ghostesses as was seen there in my poor father's time."

"'Tis a wisht old place!" said another.

"What is this 'ere ghostie like?" inquired some one.

"Like!" exclaimed Granny. "Did ye never hear tell? Why! Now—first thing you see, is St. Elspeth a-kneeling on the old tomb on the chancel, and after that——"

"Go it, Granny!" interrupted Amos, who was taking an unusual interest in the old lady's utterances.

"And after that, there be a ter-r-ible rumbling among the bones—and chains a-rattling—and sich screams—aw, my dear!"

Granny's audience shuddered at her description of the terrors of the church after dark. But—such is the inquisitiveness of human nature—not one of the little crowd was content until a complete description had been given of the very worst horrors for which Granny could vouch.

While they were thus engaged in shattering one another's nervous systems, the street door of the house before which they were standing opened, and Dr. Perran, the local practitioner, stepped out.

Granny appealed to the doctor for confirmation of the report that the church was haunted.

"I have often heard the tradition," replied the doctor. "I do not, however, believe in the truth of it, and I have never met with any one who claimed that he had seen the ghost with his own eyes."

Whereat Granny Guingell grew vastly indignant, asserted that on several occasions, when her duty of cleaning out the church had detained her after sunset, she had seen the apparition of the saint, and had been terrified by all the concomitant circumstances of the groans, bones, chains, and screams, which she believed to issue from the graves and vaults beneath the building.

Amos unexpectedly confirmed all that she had said, and added a good many other particulars on his own account.

The slabs forming the floor of the church would sometimes stand on end—so he said—and clattering skeletons would rise and pervade the church in a ghostly dance. He had seen them through the keyhole of the door; and would not go near the place again after dusk for all the riches in England.

A burst of incredulous laughter, started by the doctor, followed the preposterous testimony of Amos. The group of gossips separated, and left Amos standing alone on the spot.

"Ghosts be hanged!" he muttered. "Granny is a deep 'un. I 'spect I knows now where she hides her money."

Dr. Perran paid a visit to a patient living at a distance of some miles from the village. Riding homewards, while darkness was setting in, he remembered the conversation which he had heard that afternoon on the subject of ghosts.

Every man on this earth has within him a courage which partakes of the nature of bravado. He is a strange mortal who does not at one time or another wilfully rush into a danger which he professes to despise, but through which, at the same time, he will feel proud to have passed. Dr. Perran did not believe in ghosts in general, still less in the ghost of St. Elspeth in particular.

He resolved; however, to go out of his road, and to take the church on his way home; not because he hoped or expected to meet with any supernatural experiences, but because he felt, in a modest sort of way, that there would be a certain satisfaction in boasting that he had been there after dark and had seen nothing.

* * * * * *

Granny Guingell's indispensable services seemed likely to be required sooner than had been expected.

Towards the hour of sunset, Peter Robbins ran hurriedly and excitedly up the street and knocked at the old wife's door. There came no reply to the summons.

It was evident that Granny had gone out. The little grocer retreated a step or two from the door and surveyed the windows of the house, as if he expected them to help him.

At this moment his eye discerned a fluttering slip of paper pinned to the door-post. Granny had a business-like side to her character, and the slip of paper had been specially placed where it was, to meet the contingency of her presence being required, a possibility which was now fulfilled.

Peter Robbins read the intimation which the lady had providently affixed there. It was expressed in the significant and masterly idiom, "Gone up!"

For an instant Peter's bewildered imagination wrestled with the thought of the old lady's unexpected and glorious translation, in chariots of fire, to regions celestial. But on further reflection he concluded that the good dame merely wished to convey the announcement that she might be found, up the hill, at the church.

There was no time to be lost! Dr. Perran was known to be at a distance. Granny must be fetched immediately.

But if there was one thing in the world, and indeed there were many to which Peter Robbins' courage was unequal, it was the danger of traversing a churchyard after dark. He remembered, too, that Granny Guingell had borne witness to the fact of the church being haunted. Nothing on earth would induce him to enter the building alone.

Peter gathered quickly about him a little troup of friends, consisting chiefly of the gossips who had listened open-mouthed, that morning, to the grim particulars about

the ghost, given by the old dame and her grandson Amos.

The little party ascended the hill by a winding path, and, having arrived at the summit, turned their faces to the church which stood looming before them in the darkness.

But we must hark back. At or about the time, when Petar Robbins knocked at Granny Guingell's door, Dr. Perran, returning to St. Elspeth rather earlier than he expected, turned his horse's head up the sloping turf of the hill whereon stood the church. As he came nearer he perceived, to his surprise, that there shone a light of some kind in the sacred building.

He picked his way among the graves, avoiding the slabs and stones for fear his approach should be discovered. Having dismounted, and hung his horse's bridle to a nail on the wall, he stole up to St. Elspath's window, a gothic light filled with ancient glass, having a border or margin of transparent panes.

The design in stained glass, represented the figure of the Saint herself. The window was six or seven feet high, and stood only three feet from the ground.

Putting his eyes close to a part of the transparent margin of the window, Dr. Perran tried to see what was taking place in the chancel.

He perceived the figure of a man who carried a lantern. The individual, whose face he was unable to espy, advanced to an ancient tomb let into the wall on the opposite side of the chancel.

There he stopped. Then, after a rapid glance about him to see if he was alone, the man laid down his lantern and began to examine the tomb.

He was evidently dissatisfied about something, and was heard to utter an oath. Then, taking a small iron bar from his pocket, he began deliberately to break open the lid of the tomb.

At this moment the midst that had been hanging over the sea drifted away, and through the clear atmosphere shone a brilliant shaft of light from the Red Rock Lighthouse. The powerful rays struck through the stained glass window at which Dr. Perran was standing, and flashed in the eyes of his horse close by.

The steed snorted, shook his bit, reared, and broke his rein. The doctor clutched at one of the streaming bands, and barely arrested the career of the frightened beast, as it snorted again wildly, and plunged about on the slabs and stones in the graveyard. Dr. Perran was dragged unwillingly past the porch at the further end of the church.

At the same time an elderly female figure rushed in terror from the porch. She was apparently frightened at the strange noises made by the horse and by its struggling master.

She screamed as she ran down the path, and plunged into the midst of a terrified party of villagers, who little recognised in her rapidly retreating figure and terror-stricken accents, the form and voice of Granny Guingell. Horrified in turn, and adding their cries to the din, the scared villagers fled in any and every direction.

Dr. Perran's horse, having broken away from him, that gentleman returned to the church in order to find out, if possible, what had given rise to all this commotion.

Being far too matter-of-fact to attribute any of these events to supernatural causes, he felt it his duty to go back and curtail the sacrilege in the church of which he had been an unexpected witness.

He entered the porch and tried the door, which opened easily. Indeed, the key was on the outside of the lock; but, for some reason or other, it had become firmly fixed, and would not turn in its place.

Pushing open the church door, Dr. Perran entered.

The lantern still stood upon the floor before the tomb. Although it shed little light around the chancel and the body of the church, the Doctor could discern one object which arrested his attention.

On the pavement within the altar-rails, and close to the lantern itself, lay the prostrate figure of a man.

On the wall close by, and described on the flat surface above the ancient tomb, was a perfect representation of St. Elspeth's window, cast there by the brilliant beams from the Red Rock Lighthouse.

Doctor Perran went up the church, and, by the aid of the lantern, recognized in the seemingly lifeless face of the man the features of—Amos Guingell!

The Doctor soon found that Amos was more frightened than hurt. Reassured by the voice of a friend in need, the youth rose and seized the Doctor's arm. He asked whether the latter had seen and heard the ghosts and their goings on.

Doctor Perran asked what Amos referred to, but the lad appeared to be too frightened to explain. The Doctor, therefore, took up the lantern and led him away.

On the road back to the village Amos gave an account of himself.

He had, as it appeared, got himself into debt, and was unable to procure money wherewith to get himself out again. He had asked Granny Guingell again and again for cash, but she always refused him. Knowing that she must be possessed of a considerable sum of money, he had watched her movements for some time with great persistency in the hope of discovering the hiding-place of her pile. It was not till this same day that he learnt what he wanted.

Having followed her up to the church, when she went to clean it out, he observed her in the act of removing a stone or slab from the ancient tomb in the chancel.

From the space beneath the stone she took a large bag of coin, to which she added a further sum, and which she afterwards replaced, covering it with the stone in such an ingenious way that Amos tried in vain to find out the secret of displacing it.

It may here be mentioned that when Granny had replaced her stone, she intended to leave church. She found, however, that the key of the door had stuck fast (owing, as she little thought, to a judicious application of mud and wadding by Amos).

Being unwilling to leave the door of the holy edifice open, Granny had sat down on the bench within the porch to contemplate the situation and to devise means of making the lock act again.

Very soon the worthy dame, fatigued after her labors, fell into a pleasant doze, from which she was rudely awakened—firstly, by the clinking of the bar used by Amos; and, secondly, by the clatter made by the Doctor's steed.

Thinking herself pursued by the agents of the Evil One, she had left the place with less dignity than speed, and had consequently frightened the search-party of the village into fits.

To return to Amos. He had scarcely struck his first blow with the iron bar, he said, when the church seemed to become alive with lights. Thinking that his eyes had played him a trick, he continued his battering operation, when he heard a series of sounds calculated to make the stoutest heart quail—the rattling of bones, the clanking of the chains, snorts, groans, footsteps, and the clang of hoofs.

Of course Dr. Perran easily accounted for everything in his own mind by a recollection of the movements of his champing and terrified horse—all of which weird noises, followed by ear-splitting and heart-rending shrieks and yells, had reduced Amos' nerves to a state bordering on collapse.

He was standing, so he said, in the middle of the chancel in an agony of terror—not knowing whether to remain or run away, whether to pray or curse—his hair on end, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his knees knocking together like ninepins, when a crowning horror met his gaze. Suddenly a flash as of lightning half-blinded him. Turning his eyes away from the direction whence it had come, he witnessed, to his eternal terror, an apparition of the good saint Elspeth herself, dressed exactly in the fashion with which he had been familiar since his childhood—namely, that depicted in the stained-glass window.

There could be no doubt about it whatsoever. He had seen a ghost, and he never wished to see another. No wonder he had dropped down all of a heap where he stood!

Dr. Perran told Amos what had taken place outside the church, how the horse had broken loose; how he (the doctor) had called to the beast and tried to soothe it with the jargon usual on such occasions—such as, "Whoa, pretty! Coop! Coop! Coop!" and so on—(all of which added to Amos' bewilderment at the time).

He described how a female figure (possibly that of Granny Guingell) had emerged unexpectedly from the porch, and how the old lady had spread the contagion of fear to a number of people from the village who were at that moment entering the churchyard.

He explained how the various noises had been mistaken by Amos for supernatural sounds, and attributed the mistake the lad had made to the suggestions of an evil conscience.

Amos admitted the justice of all that the doctor said, but asked in trembling tones—

"But the ghost? Didn't I see it with my own eyes?"

"What you mistook for a ghost, Amos, was the picture cast on the wall by the rays of the Red Rock lighthouse, as they shone brightly through the saint's window, and reproduced there the stained-glass representation of St. Elspeth."

Amos listened in silence, but remained incredulous. Nothing would ever convince him that he had not seen a ghost; and as nothing ever persuaded him again to enter the church alone, Granny's hoard was left, like the bones of the surrounding dead, to rest in peace.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

New York has established a school in which the children of the poor are taught to make and dress dolls. The charge for teaching the system is fifty cents a week. The parents pay this sum, and the little ones bring their own materials. Everything they make, dolls and dresses, is their own, and there are many pupils already earning a living in their own spare hours. In the poorest houses there are scraps of flannel, linen, dress goods, and what not, which find their way to the rag bag. These apparently useless bits are taken to school by the children, and converted into dolls and their outfits. It teaches the art of dressmaking, as the adult system is only the enlarged doll system.

In Afghanistan, comparatively barbarous as the country is commonly considered, literary thefts seem to be thought a worse crime than stealing money. Some time ago an official was brought before the Ameer on the charge of plundering the treasury. During the investigation that followed it turned out that the fellow was a poet, and likewise a great plagiarist. "I may not punish him for the thefts of public money," said the Ameer, "but I cannot pardon him for literary thefts from the works of saintly poets like Saadi and Hafiz." So the Ameer ordered the tongue of the poor wretch to be perforated by long needles; and this remarkable sentence was carried out at once.

Sir Robert Ball is reported to have said in his lecture on the moon that the geography of our satellite was better known even than that of the earth. There was no single spot on the moon the size of an ordinary parish in England that had not been fully photographed and observed. Of course this remark can only relate to the side of the moon which is always turned toward us. Nearly one-half of her surface has never been seen by mortal eye, and never will be unless the lunar globe should be tilted by collision with a comet or some such erratic body. Otherwise it is a fact that photography has done more for the earth's attendant than for the earth itself. It is analogous to the further fact that the only things which man can predict with certainty are not those that happen on the sphere he inhabits, but the movements of worlds immensely distant.

A writer in a Berlin paper states that Buddhism is steadily losing its hold upon the population in the most progressive of Asiatic States, namely, in Japan. His observations are taken from Kyoto, which has always been regarded by the Japanese as the headquarters of this system of religion. In the year 1877 there were 3737 Buddhist temples, there were last year only 3226, or a loss of nearly 400 within the short space of 14 years. The conversions to Christianity amongst the Japanese cannot be measured by the reports which find their way to Germany, England, and America. These only record the progress of Roman Catholic, Anglican, and various Protestant missions, all of which have a Western European type, and leave out of count the extraordinary successes of the Russian Church, which has an Oriental type, and is therefore better qualified than either Latins or Protestants are to reach the Asiatic mind. Christendom originated from Asia, and as the Greeks and Slavs have remained unaffected by the successive innovations of the Western Latin and Teutonic nations upon early Christianity, it is almost certain that the "orthodox" churches will ultimately become the great Christianizers of far Asia.

A RICH CUT!

CUT IT OUT, IT MAY SAVE YOU!

You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. Possibly you may be correct, but probably you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic.

To the Clergy of America:—

Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

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I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10 00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $45.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

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I will send five ninety-day treatments of $20.00 each for a draft for $60 00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

These offers must not lead to the supposition that I slam the gate of Hope in the faces of the rest, but some cases have taken four and six months and even a year before there was any well defined noticeable change for the better that were afterward cured. This is especially applicable to elderly people suffering from chronic cases of long standing.

This offer is made exclusively to clergymen and any other orders or offers, UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY REMITTANCE OF EITHER $10 00 OR $20 00, FOR A ONE OR THREE MONTH'S HOME TREATMENT RESPECTIVELY, will not be noticed.

Among the hundreds of testimonials received, the following from one of the [illegible] New York Central R[illegible] speaks for itself:

[illegible]
Union Stock Yard and Market Company.
Room 8, Grand Central Depot.
A. T. THOMAS, Treasurer.
New York, ———, 1892.

"I have refrained from saying anything concerning your Bi-Ozone Cure [illegible] test of its effects had been made.

[illegible] I am now in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. A case of bronchitis and chronic catarrh is not to be cured in a day or a week, and I have refrained from writing you, but I take great pleasure in assuring you that [illegible] that I consider it a positive cure, and I [illegible] a testimonial.

"A noticeable feature in the effect of the remedy is a greatly improved condition of general health and remarkable immunity from ordinary colds.

"Bronchial and asthmatic troubles usually have attendant catarrhal conditions. I am happy to say the latter is so much improved as the former, and with the gradual removal of bronchitis the catarrh is disappearing.

"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public, as richly deserves it.

A. T. Thomas, Grand Central Depot.

"Dr. N. Helmer, Esq., 12th St. and B way."

N. HELMER, Chemist, 221 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

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To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us this Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and we will return it to you safely. We make no charge whatever for the Portrait, but ask you, after you receive it, to show it to your friends and use your influence in securing us future orders. Any picture will do, but we prefer [illegible] Size. Be sure and write your name and address plainly on back of picture. Refer to any [illegible] in this city. Call or address THE CRAYON STATION, Opposite New German Theatre, Call and see [illegible] at work. Remember we make this offer to introduce our work, and in order to get it you must comply with the above conditions. This offer is bona fide.

Our Young Folks.

SNOOKS AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY M. BROWNE.

"WHAT are you going to do with them?"

"Drown 'em!"

"But they are dear little things."

"Can't help it. If I could find anybody as wanted 'em, why of course I'd sell 'em; but nobody don't want 'em."

"I do; and I'll give you all the money I have in the world."

"How much?"

"Two shillings, and sixpence of Queenie's. Is that enough?"

"Tain't enough, but it will do."

The bright half-a-crown, which had been admired so often and treasured up with so much care, was handed over; the two speakers, a man and a boy, shook hands on the bargain, and separated.

The man stood watching the boy as he walked down the road, and as he disappeared the man laughed loudly, tossed the half-crown into the air, caught it, and laughed again.

"Two-and-six for three kittens," he said, with a chuckle, "and I give nothing for 'em. Good again!"

And the boy—now that the kittens were safe, now there was no fear of their being drowned in the dirty pond—the boy was beginning to wonder what Queenie would think when she heard that her money was spent, and what nurse would say when she saw his purchase.

"I wish mother were at home," he said, as he trudged along; "but the way will be to make nurse interested in them. She used to say my guinea-pigs were stupid, until she got to like them; and then I believe she really was sorry when they died."

He was so busy with his own thoughts that the road home seemed very short. Once indoors, the first thing to be done was to explain matters to his small sister, and, to his delight, he found that she was so pleased with the kittens that she did not care at all about the money being spent.

"What shall we call them, Roy? and what will nurse say?" said Queenie.

"I don't know," said Roy doubtfully.

"I know," said Queenie; and she whispered a few words in Roy's ear.

Roy smiled, and looked very pleased. Nurse was upstairs in the nursery, knitting.

"Nurse, may I bring Mr. Whipper-snapper Snooks in to see you?" said Queenie's voice outside the door.

"Will you allow me to introduce Lady Clementina Rogers to you?" said Roy's voice.

Nurse felt for her spectacles, and put up her hands to straighten her cap, wondering who the strange visitors could be.

"Mr. Augustus Dappers wants to see you badly," said Roy.

Then the door opened, nurse jumped up from her chair, and three small kittens, one white, one black, and one tabby, were placed on the nursery floor.

There was a sound of laughter outside, and two heads appeared around the door.

"Did you really expect to see fine ladies and gentlemen?" said Queenie.

"May we keep them?" asked Roy.

Nurse smiled; she was evidently quite won over, though she said doubtfully—

"You have so many animals—what will your mother say if she comes home and finds the place turned into a regular Zoological Gardens? Kittens are worse than puppies."

"Puppies!" said Roy with a start; "I quite forgot the puppies. I wonder if they will fight the kittens?"

"I expect they will," said nurse. "Perhaps you had better give the kittens back."

"But they were bought——" began Queenie.

Roy looked at her severely.

"We can teach them to be friendly with the kittens," he said. "We will ask Cobbs how it is to be done."

Cobbs was the gardener, and the children believed firmly that Cobbs knew everything about plants and animals.

The kittens were left in the stable, and the children went in search of Cobbs. Unfortunately, Cobbs was busy, and though he found time to listen to the children's story, he seemed in a hurry to get back to his work.

"You won't make 'em friends if they don't want," he said; "all I can say is, leave 'em alone."

"Leave 'em alone," repeated Roy; "that will be easily done."

"Yes, indeed," said Queenie; "we will go and do it now"; and she ran back to the stable, followed by Roy.

They found the three kittens, tired out with their game, fast asleep in a tub full of hay.

"They do look pretty!" said Queenie.

"I do hope the puppies won't hurt them," said Roy.

"We can't tell what they will do until we try," said Queenie. "Let us put them together, and see what happens."

The two puppies were fetched and placed by the side of the barrel. They sniffed the hay and the tub, rubbed their heads against a piece of mistletoe which was hanging out of it, but refused to take any notice of the kittens, probably because they could not see them.

"Cobbs said we were to leave them alone," said Roy.

"Very well; let us go outside and look through the window," said Queenie.

The children ran outside, leaving the stable-door a little way open. They pulled a short ladder up to the window, climbed on to it, and peeped in.

The two puppies were sitting contentedly under the piece of mistletoe, the kittens were still asleep.

"Perhaps they are kissing one another," said Queenie.

"Oh, look!" cried Roy, "Mr. Whipper-snapper Snooks has woke up."

Mr. Whipper-snapper Snooks, the black kitten, had not only woke up, but he had discovered that there were two somethings outside the tub. Mr. Whipper-snapper stretched himself and roused his companions. Then he sat on the edge of the tub and stared at the puppies.

"He's seen them," said Roy.

"And they've seen him," said Queenie, as the two puppies turned round quickly and stared up at the kittens.

"I wonder what will happen?" said the two children together. Then as they both pressed forward to get nearer the window, the ladder slipped, fell, and they found themselves rolling on the ground.

They were not very much hurt, but they felt greatly shaken and confused. It took them a minute or two to pick themselves up from the ground, and remember where they were and what they had been doing.

"Kittens," said Roy at last.

"Puppies," said Queenie, pointing to the stable-door.

"Where are the kittens?" said Roy.

"In the stable, of course," said Queenie.

But the kittens were not in the stable. The tub was there, though nearly all the grass had been pulled out of it; but the kittens were nowhere to be seen.

"Gone!" said Roy.

"But where?" said Queenie.

"They must have eaten them," said Roy, looking at the two puppies, who were wagging their short tails vigorously.

"We'd better tell Cobbs," said Roy.

For the first time in their lives Cobbs failed them. He could not find the kittens, but he firmly declared that "he didn't see as how them puppies could have eaten them." He was much puzzled—quite as much puzzled as the children were—over the strange disappearance of Mr. Whipper-snapper Snooks, Lady Clementina Rogers, and Mr. Augustus Dappers.

But that was not the end of it all.

Three days later, as the children were playing with the puppies, Cobbs came towards them with a basket.

"I've got a present for you here, Master Roy," he said, "from Farmer Dobson. I was telling him about your disappointment with them kittens, and he sent you these two. He says they are pretty kittens, but they are always running away, so you'll have to be careful."

Then Cobbs produced from the basket a white kitten and a black one.

Queenie took the white kitten in her arms, looked at it, and gave a cry of astonishment, just as Roy, who was looking at the black one, exclaimed—

"Mr. Whipper-snapper Snooks!"

Queenie nodded her head, and cried—

"Lady Clementina Rogers!"

Cobbs looked rather astonished, then all at once he rubbed his hands together, and said

"Not them same kittens! Can't be!"

"They are," said Roy. "Has Farmer Dobson gone?"

Cobbs shook his head, and the children ran quickly to the back gate. The farmer was mounting his horse.

"Did you have three kittens?" asked Roy.

"Were they stolen, and did they come back again?" demanded Queenie.

The farmer looked as if he did not quite understand.

"I have another kitten at home," he said; "a tabby one. I didn't know they were stolen, though, now I come to think of it, my little girl did tell me some story about a man carrying them off; but I didn't trouble about it, for the kittens came back the same night."

"Then this is Mr. Whipper-snapper Snooks," said Roy. "They were stolen. I bought them of the man, and then they ran away."

"And this is Lady Clementina," said Queenie. "I am glad! Thank you so much; we will keep them out of the way of the puppies this time, and never mind about making them friendly."

"Thank you, thank you," said Roy. "Give our love to Mr. Augustus Dappers."

But the farmer stared, and as he rode away he could not help wondering what the children meant.

CHINESE RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.—Stepping into a shop in Chinatown, a gentleman, among other things, asked the owner what his religious belief was, and he found the shopkeeper to be a believer in all three of the national religions, accepting the gods of each, paying his money to support the priests of all, and, if it would have made business a little brisker, Ah Wang would have undoubtedly announced himself a Christian.

This is one of their most striking peculiarities, that while there are three distinct religions, they see no inconsistency in accepting all.

The Confucian Chinaman believes in a spiritual appeal to the moral nature. He believes in conscience, sees a difference between virtue and vice, pretends to believe in law and order, and is a firm believer in paying religious veneration to his ancestors, and, above all, is remarkable for his filial piety.

The Taoist is a materialist. To him the soul is something tangible, a physical something, purer than the human form. It is not essentially immortal, but attains this state only by a physical training after passing through a pseudo-chemical process.

He believes in various gods, is a liberal of liberals in this. Even the stars are divine or divinities. The Taoist is also a great believer in hermits, physicians, magicians and holy men of all kinds.

The Chinese Buddhist differs from these. His religion is metaphysical. He delights in argumentative philosophy, and gives vent to his imagination in building up his beliefs on an ethereal platform.

His gods are not realities, but the mere personification of ideas. Matter, as such, is entirely disregarded, and ideas, or theories founded upon ideas, accepted.

Taoism is, perhaps, as popular among the majority as any, as it is of practical use; thus, a sick man will consult his god of medicine, which is to be found in some of the houses, and the priest will give the patient exactly what medicines or drugs will heal him.

COMMON ERRORS.—What absurd mistakes we make in our dress and habits! Many people brush their teeth in the morning, ten or twelve hours after they have partaken of food; yet, clearly, the proper time to cleanse the teeth is after a meal, otherwise the operation is performed for beautifying and not for cleansing the teeth.

Then, our clothing is very absurd. In this climate, where throat and lung diseases are particularly prevalent, we expose the throat to the cold night air with but slight protection, while we cover it securely in the daytime.

Women, who suffer from catarrhs and colds in the head, wear hats which are purely ornamental and afford no protection. They put warm clothing over the body and are generally insufficiently clad about the limbs.

The weight of their clothes is on the hips instead of on the shoulders, which has a tendency to aggravate all the diseases peculiar to the sex.

Instead of wearing shoes to protect the feet, high-heeled abominations are worn, which cripple the movements and plague the wearer with bunions and corns.

Again, in the matter of food and sleep. In all the animal creation sleep follows feeding, and in warm countries people take a siesta after a meal; but the modern man and woman dash from the dinner table to the theatre, ball, or club, and bring all their powers of mind to bear at a time when the process of digestion and assimilation is going on.

"NOW" AND "THEN."—"Now" is a syllable constantly ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this word always in our mind; and, whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "Then I will do it." No, this will never answer. "Now" is ours, "Then" may never be.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Musical notes, as now used, were invented in 1330.

Blotting paper is made of cotton rags boiled in soda.

A bee does not weigh the one-hundredth part of an ounce.

Japan's population of forty-one million souls lives on eighteen million acres.

The United States produces nearly one-third of the entire world's crop of coal.

George Curtis, of Morgantown, North Carolina, owns a hen which, he claims, recently laid 21 eggs in 18 days.

Ice is said to be quoted at six cents a ton at Devil's Lake, Michigan, and at a cent a pound at Shreveport, Louisiana.

The town assessor at Franklin, Kentucky, is said to receive the magnificent salary of $25 per year for his valuable services.

Grasshoppers attain their greatest size in South America, where they grow to a length of five inches, and their wings spread out ten inches.

Over 30,000 Parisians, it is said, earn a living by picking up and making use of what other people throw away—rags, bones, metal and such refuse.

A cup full of carpet tacks, a nail and numerous bits of iron were taken from the stomach of a Kalamazoo boy who died, a few days ago, in an insane asylum.

Several mischievous boys of Far Rockaway, N. Y., equipped with rifles, have been making targets of the arc light globes that overhang the streets in that town.

Anthony White, of Presque Isle, Maine, owns a hound which, he claims, hauls him several miles to and from work every day, besides drawing cedar railroad ties.

Hot coffee and sandwiches have been handed to the drivers of the Hartford, Conn., horse cars by a number of kind-hearted residents of that town during the recent cold spell.

Chinamen, it seems, are able to successfully imitate even American burglars. Three Celestials recently broke into a store, chloroformed the owners, cracked the safe and got away with $600.

A Belfast man and his wife have played cribbage nearly every night for the past six years. At last reports, it is claimed, they had played 12,000 games, and the difference in their scores was only two.

Some years ago the legislature of Indiana offered a reward for the heads of hawks and owls; and now the official announcement is made that the State has paid $30,000 for the heads of turkeys, chickens and various birds which had been palmed off upon the local authorities.

A model of the earth sixty-three feet in circumference will be one of the most interesting exhibits of the General Land Office at the Chicago Fair. The desire of a great many persons who "want the earth" might perhaps be appeased by a view of this miniature globe.

It is estimated that there are in this country 5,000,000 of intelligent men and women who boldly avow themselves Spiritualists and who not only believe in the life to come, but who are positively convinced that communication is had with the spirits of people who have passed away.

A Russian army officer who has been experimenting in the training of falcons to carry dispatches, says that these birds are superior to carrier pigeons for messenger service. The falcon is much stronger, and some of them have carried a weight of four pounds without material hindrance to speed.

John Wilson, who lives near Pittsburg, dislocated his hip joint several months ago, and every device known to surgery would not effect a cure. A few days ago he slipped and fell on the ice while alighting from a street car. The fall is said to have effected a complete cure of his lameness, and Wilson is now fully restored to health.

When Mauritius was ceded to Great Britain in 1810 there was a gigantic turtle in a court of the Artillery Barracks at Port Louis, which is there still, although almost blind. It weighs 330 pounds, and stands two feet high when walking. Its shell is 8½ feet long, and it can carry two men on its back with ease. It is believed to be at least 90 years old.

In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of this country. Catch questions are numerous in the Orient, and the multiplication table is swollen into a mountain of difficulty by native teachers. Pupils of 10 years are taught to carry the multiplication table up to 40 times 40, and in order to still more complicate matters fractional parts are introduced.

The heavy snow fall has brought a calamity in a curious way to the Chinese pheasants that are to be found in some parts of the Northwest. The sleet and snow stuck to their long tails in such a way that they were unable to fly. The country boys captured the birds by the dozens, and as they are said to be worth $10 a pair alive and in good condition, some of the boys consider themselves very wealthy.

TWILIGHT SHADOWS.

BY VALERIA.

Silently the shades of evening,
Stealing through the open door,
Bring their tender memories with them,
Of the friends that are no more.

We can see each well-known feature,
Beaming in their new-found love,
Like the bow of promise gleaming
From our Father's house above.

Then again the shadows deepen,
And our hearts are filled with woe;
Ah, ah! yes, we well remember
The days of gloom that grieved us so.

Things we care not to remember
Creep in with the brighter side;
Joy and sorrow twined together
Form the scene at eventide.

ABOUT CLOCKS.

The introduction of clocks into Great Britain and thence to America we apparently owe to the Dutch. In 1368 Edward III. granted a license for three mechanics to come over from Delft in Holland, permitting them to pursue their trade in England, also for the edification of the mechanics, whereby they might be initiated in the art by the more skilful aliens.

The oldest known clock in England is one which is fixed in a turret at Hampton Court. It was constructed, and there fitted up, by command of Henry VIII., in the year 1540.

From the period of their introduction down to the reign of Elizabeth they were called orologes or horologes. Until after the Restoration, clocks found their patrons only in London and other large towns, for, in country houses, up to the date mentioned, the "ancient sun-dial" held its own.

In the reign of Charles I., prior to the outbreak of the civil war, there was an improvement brought about in the mechanism of clockwork. This advance in the march of invention we owe to a native of Cheshire. Sir Joseph Wright, of Moreton, in the afore-mentioned county, was the person who originated this forward movement.

There is no record of the particular points of improvement for which we are indebted to Sir Joseph; but it is certain that clockwork—which had hitherto been but crude, from a mechanical point of view—took a rapid stride towards its present state of completeness.

Amongst remarkable public clocks, there are two which stand foremost—those of Lyons and Strassburg. They are well worth attention, partly on account of their curious workmanship, and partly because of their richness of ornament and originality of design.

In the former, two horsemen, fully armed cap-a-pie, encounter in deadly combat, as it were, and beat the hour upon each other's armor. Then a door opens, and an image of the Virgin, bearing in her arms the child Jesus, steps out. She in turn is followed by the magi, with retinue marching, "all in good order," presenting their gifts, heralded by trumpets, which continue to breathe forth from their brazen throats while the procession is in movement.

The scene which the Strassburg clock presents is as follows: At each hour, as the clock goes round, there is a cock which claps its wings; again, in this a door opens, and an angel appears, who salutes the Virgin; then the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descends and alights upon the shoulder of the Virgin.

About 65 years ago the East India Company presented the then Emperor of China with two timepieces, manufactured by English artists. They were of the finest workmanship that was ever executed. They were of similar design, and so it is only needful to describe one of them. It was in the form of a chariot, which was of solid gold. A lady is seated, in a languishing attitude, leaning her right hand on that side of the chariot. In the centre of the same side is set the clock itself, with its face outwards, and which is no larger than a shilling.

It strikes and repeats, and, upon being wound up, goes for eight days. A bird, which is almost completely made up of diamonds and rubies, rests upon the lady's finger. At striking-time it flutters its wings for several minutes. It is something less than the sixteenth part of an inch from the tip of its bill to the extremity of the tail. Inside its body are contained some of the works which animate it. In her left hand the lady holds a golden tube which is little thicker than a large pin, and upon the top of which is fixed a small round ornament of the size of a sixpence. As long as the clock continues to go, this ornament moves round with a regular perpetual motion. The top of the ornament is studded thickly with precious stones, as is the whole chariot. Above the fair occupant's head is a sort of canopy, under which is placed a bell.

To the inquisitive eye the bell reveals no apparent connection with the clock save as an ornament. But there is a secret communication between the two. At the hours, from under the shade of the canopy there descends a hammer, which strikes smartly and sharply against the mellow-sounding bell. This performance can be repeated at pleasure simply by touching a catch in the form of a minute diamond button.

The chariot can be set in motion by the touching of a spring, and will run in either a circular or a straight direction. As it moves, there are two birds which appear as if flying in the air. It needs a close glance to discover that they are attached by wires; pliable and strong, yet no thicker than a hair, to the canopy of the chariot. The clock, together with its carriage-rest, its furniture and appointments, is a wonder of compactness, as it is a marvel of dazzling brilliancy and costliness.

HABIT.—"I trust everything under God to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course.

"Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships.

"Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing."

Grains of Gold.

It is always term time in the court of conscience.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

Look a difficulty squarely in the face and it will run.

Self-conceit always puffs us up so that our eyes go shut.

Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

A man in a passion rides a horse that runs away with him.

A good word for a bad one, is worth much and costs little.

He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company.

You should ask the world's leave before you commend yourself.

In the pursuit of knowledge lies our only sure road to real happiness.

It costs much more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy.

A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the streams of the world.

The only reason we ever have any dark days is because we live too low to see the sun.

There are plenty of people who never know any thing until they run against it, and then, invariably, they know too much.

Femininities.

Hot water is good for sprains.

Yale College has 1960 students.

If you have a bone of contention with any one throw it to the dogs.

A woman never looks so killing as when you tread on her dress.

Labor troubles are often caused by men who are trying to make a living without work.

Thirty-seven thousand women are employed as telegraph operators in this country, it is claimed.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," as the poor skater remarked as he picked himself up.

If experience makes fools wise, the man who is not made wise by experience cannot be a fool, and yet if he is not wise he must be a fool.

Wife, to her husband: "I say, my dear, how badly the tailor has put this button on your waistcoat. This is the fifth time I have had to sew it on again."

The Japanese stand at the head in the matter of divorce. A native of Bizen has just been divorced from his 35th wife, and is about to marry his 36th.

The red, white and blue—the red cheeks, the white teeth and blue eyes of a lovely girl, are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight for.

An Arkansas traveler says that he knew a young fellow down South who was so fond of a young woman that he rubbed off his nose kissing her shadow on the wall.

Lucie: "Ned made a ringing speech last night, mommer."

Mommer: "Um—um!"

Lucie: "Yes. He asked me to be his wife."

Has some effect. Traveler: "Do you think the lynch law you have here decreases the number of murders?" Native: "Wall, I dunno; but it decreases the number of murderers."

"What's the matter with you, Charlie? You don't look well. You must take better care of your constitution." "Oh, my constitution is all right," replied Charlie, "but my bile-laws need amending."

Brown: "It's a lucky man that dies at New Year's."

Jones: "How so?"

"Why, he gets credit for all the good resolutions he wouldn't have to keep."

Over 3000 acres of land in four townships of the State of Washington are held by women. Some of the land is under cultivation, and the ranches bring in comfortable incomes to the plucky women who own and run them.

The custom of keeping birthdays is many years old. It is recorded in the fortieth chapter of Genesis, twentieth verse: "And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants."

Rev. Anna Howard Shaw ranks first among the women preachers of America. Some of her sayings have made her world-famous. Here is one: "Call not that man or woman wretched who, whatever ills he or she suffers, has a child to love."

It is a custom in the Rothschild family to lay aside six pearls of the value of $500 upon each anniversary of the birth of a daughter, and to present the necklace to her when she reaches her majority. Let all who have young daughters imitate this pretty custom.

A young man of Winamac, Indiana, was deeply in love with two young women, and was in a quandary as to which one he could marry. So he had them each cook a competitive civil service dinner, and married the one who got the highest average percentage.

A Maine man was recently tried for taking in potatoes at one door of his barn and selling them at the other. The trouble was that half of his barn was located in Maine, while the other half was in New Brunswick. He bought potatoes in Canada and, moving them across the barn, sold them in Maine without paying duty.

Old friend: "Well, I declare, old boy, your wife is fully as tall as you are."

Mr. DeMock, in a whisper: "Y-e-s, I guess that's so."

"How did you come to marry such a big woman?"

"Well—er—she didn't seem so big before marriage."

Mabel: "Why, Claire, you are positively moping, and you are to be married tomorrow!"

Claire: "Yes, Mabel, I am worried. I know so very little about Jack, and—and—"

"Of course, you little goose. Don't you know you wouldn't be marrying him if you knew all about him?"

She, sitting down: "I see you are not a regular traveler on these suburban trains."

He, standing up: "That is true. How do you know?"

"You gave me your seat."

"And you, madam—pardon me—are not a regular traveler on suburban trains either."

"Ah, how did you guess that?"

"You thanked me."

Masculinities.

The cock of the walk is generally a goose.

A husband at home is worth two in a saloon.

A new fad is to have the baby's picture taken while it sleeps.

An Illinois man, it is stated, has been divorced three times from the same woman.

The date of a letter should be placed at the beginning, but that of a note at the end.

There are some men to whom a loss of their reputation would mean mighty good luck.

All men are born equal, but some of them are promoted to the police force afterward.

A person traverses about three-quarters of a mile in the course of an average waltz.

The age at which one shares everything is generally the age at which one has nothing.

Silver rosebuds enameled to resemble nature are now sold for masculine buttonhole decoration.

Professor Morse says that the Japanese never mix different kinds of flowers together in one vase.

A resident of Union City, Michigan, although married 40 years, boasts that he never kissed his wife.

If you feel that the dash down a coasting hill doesn't pay you for the walk up, it is a sign you are getting old.

The man who can attend to his own affairs carries with him a business qualification that is recognizable the world over.

"Isn't your husband going to Florida for his health this winter?" "No; I persuaded him to invest the money in insurance on his life."

Nine employes of a factory at Adrian, Michigan, were discharged the other day because they played a practical joke on a fellow-workman.

An exchange offers the following as a cure for frost bite: Take a grated carrot, stew it, mix it with some hog's lard and apply to the affected part.

George De Long, 15 years old, and Miss Mary Burns, aged 18 years, both of Brooklyn, were married several days ago after an eight days' courtship.

"He has been drinking hard for nearly a month. I should think he would begin to see snakes!" "He drinks Irish whisky only, and there are no snakes in Ireland, you know.

The man that cooked "the cold charities of the world" has entered into a contract with an extensive restaurant to furnish fried icicles and hot soup made of Norwegian snow.

J. M. Holledrof, colored, who was lately elected tax receiver of Camden county, Georgia, is said to be the first colored man ever elected to that position in the State of Georgia.

At a recent party at Emporia, Kansas, a cobweb was ingeniously arranged, which the male guests were required to disentangle, and at the end of the diverse threads they found their respective ladies.

A wealthy Iowa farmer who had just joined the church, is puzzled to know what it profiteth a man to give food and lodging to a poor wayfarer and lose $500 in cash, his favorite mare and a brand-new shotgun.

The best means to prevent mosquitoes, gnats or black flies from biting your hands while trout fishing is to clothe them in a pair of cheap cotton gloves saturated with a preparation of oil of tar, pennyroyal and sweet oil.

James Hand, who lives near Lynden, Wash., recently found his son George in Seattle, after a separation of 28 years. Both have lived on Puget Sound for years, and were ignorant of the fact that they were so near to each other.

If none asketh aught of a wise man he is like a drum that is not beaten; if any asketh aught of him, then his wisdom floweth forth as the rain; but the ignorant man, whether any asketh aught or asketh not, always talketh much.

Some days ago a tramp applied for lodging at a Mississippi farm house, when the farmer set his dogs on him and severely beat him. The farmer afterwards discovered that the man was his son, who had run away from home 20 years previously.

A man asked another, whom he was about to help to some chicken, whether he wished a leg or a wing. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said the other. "And infinitely more so to me," replied the carver, laying down the knife and fork and resuming his own dinner.

The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese of 40 years old, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?" "Alas, things are not as they used to be! The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day!"

A WONDERFUL MONKEY.

The "Mahratta," a native Indian journal, relates the following story from Indore: A certain Hindoo watchmaker, residing on the bank of the Khan River, just behind Pandhurinath's temple in Kursi Ghat Street, accidentally met his death, and as he had no close relatives to perform the funeral ceremonies, the police authorities went to the house, took charge of his property, and also of a big monkey kept by him. This animal was tamed by the deceased, who took a fatherly care of his pet.

When the monkey saw this sad accident he at once came to him, kissed his feet and mouth, and cried so loud as no human being could cry. His red eyes and the overflowing tears proved to every beholder his agony for his master; he was perplexed in his grief, and became so wild that he at once jumped on the nearest house and purposely threw himself on a large stone which was lying beneath it to commit suicide.

The throng of spectators, who naturally held a compassionate view, gave him some fruits to eat, so that he might calm himself, but the sagacious animal threw all the fruits in the faces of the givers, showing every beholder that he was, as it were, insulted. Nobody dared to go to the deceased and take him to the burying-ground; the police were frightened, and went to fetch more men.

On the other side the monkey was crying; he fell on his master's feet and kissed them. Sometimes he took stones and beat himself; sometimes he went to the nearest largest stone and dashed his head so heavily against it that it seemed as though it must be fractured; sometimes he tore his hair. He now and then went to the deceased, and by lifting his hand he saw whether the pulse of his master was beating.

Words fail to describe the agony of this poor animal. There was not a single soul whose heart was not melted. After three hours, when the order arrived from the nearest magistrate to remove the corpse at once, one of the policemen went to catch the animal, but the instant he reached the place the monkey attacked him desperately, and would have killed him had not the policeman taken proper precautions to save himself.

Afterward, some four or five men volunteered their services, and suddenly caught the animal and fastened him with a chain to the nearest wooden post, and took the corpse away. When the poor animal saw his master being removed, he bade him his last farewell, and fell to the ground unconscious.

After the funeral the policeman who had removed his master took all the property and the animal to the jail ward. Now it is told that the monkey does not wish to behold the four men who took his master away, and up to date he has not eaten a morsel of food, and has been crying day and night.

When he sleeps in the night it has been noticed that he wakes from his slumber and looks out in every direction with a joyful eye, thinking he has heard his master call.

The Monbuttoos of Central Africa.—Dr. Schweinfurth mentions a strange peculiarity of the Monbuttoos of Central Africa. Five per cent. of them have light hair, like hemp—closely frizzled, like the negroes. Those with this hair have the lightest skins the Doctor saw since leaving Lower Egypt.

The general complexion is in color rather lighter than the brown of ground coffee. The hair of the majority is brown; they allow it to grow long, and the beards of the men are well developed.

Both sexes "do their hair" alike; and it is amusing to read of a hitherto unknown tribe that they wear chignons and false hair.

The hair of the top and back of the head is mounted up into a long cylindrical chignon, and, being fastened on the inside by an arrangement made of reeds, slopes backwards in a slanting direction.

Across the forehead, from temple to temple, the hair is twisted in thin tresses, which lie one above another, closely fitting the skull until they reach the crown of the head.

Their own hair is rarely long enough to form this portion of the head-gear, but the deficiency is supplied from the heads of those who have fallen in war, or, since hair is an article of traffic in the country, it is procured from the market.

Disagreeable sensations resulting from cough vanish before Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

AN IMPERIAL ARTIZAN.

In the Cabinet of Curiosities at the National Museum of St. Petersburg, Russia, is a bar of iron—a plain-looking, ugly, dingy, hammered mass of metal—which attracts about as many of the visitors as anything there exposed.

Only a bar of common iron, weighing thirty-six pounds avoirdupois, and yet it would require a big fortune to buy it. But it has a story:

While Peter the Great was on the throne of Russia, during one of his intensely practical fits, he made his way, with a number of his court, to the celebrated forges of Mutler, at Istria, where he remained a month, giving himself to the work of learning the mysteries of the trade.

At the end of the month he took a forge, stripped himself for the work, caused his own attendants—members of his court—to blow the bellows, attend to the fire, and bring coals; and thus, with his own hands, he forged out eighteen poods of iron, and put his own personal mark on each one. (A pood is a Russian weight of 36 lbs.)

When Peter had finished his work, he called the proprietor, and exhibited the specimens of his skill, and they were found to be good—"good enough for anybody," the superintendent said.

"Then," said Peter, "what can you pay me? or what do you pay your workmen for just such work?"

The master informed him, but wished to pay him much more.

"For," said he, "that iron which you have forged, and upon which you have put your own mark, is worth more to me than other iron."

"That is nothing to me," persisted Peter. "According to your prices to your workmen I have earned eighteen altinas. That sum will just purchase for me a pair of shoes, of which I am much in need."

So the great Czar received his eighteen altinas, and purchased a pair of shoes, and those shoes he exhibited with intense satisfaction.

"They are mine," he would say, "for I earned them by the sweat of my brow."

It is one of those poods, forged by Peter, at Istria, now on exhibition in the cabinet at St. Petersburg.

A Good Romancer.—A rather shabby looking stranger with long hair stood on the steel arch bridge the other morning and gazed up and down the river by turns.

A dapper looking gentleman with black whiskers and hair a la West Hotel barber-shop paused a few feet from him and sniffed the gale, while a fox terrier frisked about his feet. The stranger approached, and with the customary "Well, sir," reeled off the following: "It don't look much like it did —ty-nine years ago. The falls are scarcely recognizable.

"That island below the stone arch bridge was not there, but I was one of the fortunates or rather unfortunates, who helped to create it. We were going down the river with a great raft of rough lumber and skins when our craft went to pieces on a huge rock which lay just beneath the water unperceived.

"The river was running high that spring and our crew was all drowned. I was the only one to escape. But to pass from these sad reflections to my story. The sunken raft made a foundation for that wild looking little island which you see. Through long years driftwood and bits of earth and pebbles washed about and on the pile. The seeds of trees sprouted upon the curious formation, and their roots groping out in all directions served to keep the embryo island intact. The break in the falls in —ty-two hurled the large rocks to the unique position which they now occupy. A miniature island was thus created and"——

At this point in the narration the dapper gentleman interposed an interrogation. "Are you looking for anything to do, stranger?"

"I am open for anything that turns up," was the ready answer. "I've just struck town and"——

"Never mind that, my friend. I have found a prize. My lecturer quit last night, and I want a good man with a fancy like yours. Here's my card. Call after 10:30 A. M." The stranger took the proffered introductory ticket and read, "Fred A. Pride, Manager Dime Museum."

This experiment of breeding buffaloes with domestic cattle is on trial at Silver Heights, near Winnipeg. The intention was to breed a particularly hardy stock; but the offspring resemble the cow rather than the bison, and have exceedingly ill tempers. The outcome of the experiment is a matter of speculation.

You cannot deny facts, and it is a fact that Salvation Oil is the greatest pain-cure. 25 cents.

A CHAIN OF COINCIDENCES.

"From Kalamazoo, are you?" said the elderly stranger, leaning back comfortably in the easy chair at the hotel and lighting a cigar.

"Yes; from Kalamazoo," assented the young man whose acquaintance he had made on the train.

"Live town," mused the other. "I lived there myself twenty-five or thirty years ago—in fact, I was married there. Have a cigar? I don't suppose you know many of the people I know. Always lived there?"

"Yes, until two or three months ago."

"I wonder, now, if you ever heard of a girl—she wouldn't be a girl now—named—let me see—she was my wife's most intimate friend. Um—I remember now. Her name was Henrietta Parkinson. We called her Nettie. Ever hear of her?"

"I should think so. Nettie Parkinson was my mother's maiden name."

"You don't say so! Shake, young man, I feel as if you were almost an old acquaintance. Is she well?"

"Yes. She's well and hearty."

"By the way, did you ever know a spruce young dry goods clerk—though I don't suppose he'd be very spruce or very young either now—named Rockamore?"

"Henry Rockamore?"

"Yes. We always called him Hank."

"Oh, yes, I know him intimately. I saw him only a few days ago and had a long talk with him."

"Shake again, young man! I'm beginning to feel pretty well acquainted with you. This Hank Rockamore, when I left Kalamazoo, was sparking—that is, I mean, he was paying a good deal of attention to Nettie Park—I mean your mother."

"Well, it seems he succeeded eventually. He's my father."

"You—don't—say—so! Young man, shake again! We're old friends. Come on, we'll go out and see the town and I'll be your father and mother both for the next two days!"

Self-Reliance.—Every person has two educations—the one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself. It is a common fault with the highest and lowest that they are too much inclined and addicted to act from the opinions of others, or to follow a life of ease and dependence on others. Help from within always strengthens, but help from without weakens. Nothing is so demoralizing, and tends to make a young man's energies inactive without any benefit to himself or others as waiting to inherit a fortune or in possession of it. God never intended that strong, independent beings should be saved by clinging to others, like the ivy to the oak, for support. Burke, repelling the Duke of Bedford's attack upon his pension, says of himself, "I was not rocked and swaddled and dandled into a legislator." It is a proverb, that rich young men, who begin their fortunes where their fathers left off, leave off where their fathers began. Eccentricity has always abounded, when and where strength of character has abounded. Many men of fine talents and ability fail to make their mark in the world by neglecting to employ them in the right direction for the right ends. L. G. W.

Trained to Find Them.—It has been found that dogs can be trained to hunt for truffles, and so great is the demand in France for the truffle that many of the canine species are now, in certain districts, possessed of this estimable talent. The training through which they pass in order to acquire a scent is a decidedly agreeable one. To begin with, finely cut or sliced truffles are mixed daily with their food, until at length they develop a liking for the flavor. Afterwards their owners conceal in some portion of a field where truffles are supposed to exist a little tin dish of meat and truffles, covering the same with a few handfuls of earth. The dog is then brought out and urged to hunt for the dish, goaded by an empty stomach. When he at length finds it he is caressed by his master, and thus in the space of a few weeks he will readily learn to hunt for the vegetable itself.

J. Emery McLean, the proof-reader for the American Bible House in New York, can read proof, it is claimed, in 242 languages and dialects.

FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

NET ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1892,		$17,649,877 81
RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR:		
For premiums and Annuities,	$4,757,172 41	
For Interest, etc.,	989,565 14	5,746,737 55
		$23,393,633 36
DISBURSEMENTS:		
Claims by Death	$1,156,922 00	
Matured Endowments and Annuities	191,988 48	
Surrendered Policies	330,227 82	
†Premium abatements	732,187 72	
Total Paid Policy-Holders	$3,417,367 02	
Added to Reserve, $2,010,131 00		
Taxes Paid in Penna.	$61,145 98	
Taxes Paid in other States	36,347 02	
Salaries, Medical Fees, Office and Legal Expenses	125,822 78	
Commission to agents and Rents	604,436 19	
Agency and other Expenses	129,647 03	
Advertising, Printing and Supplies	35,742 20	
Office furniture, Maintenance of Building, etc.	57,038 06	3,578,992 81
NET ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1893,		$19,815,542 55

†Being sums allowed in reduction of collectible premiums.

ASSETS.		
City Loans, Railroad and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks		$6,275,487 12
Mortgages and Ground Rents (1st Liens)		9,154,877 06
Premium Notes secured by policies		624,238 27
Loans on Collateral, Policy Loans, etc		2,536,131 75
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans		1,072,097 73
Cash in Banks, Trust Companies and on hand		142,309 62
Net Ledger Assets as above		$19,815,542 55
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums		592,583 84
Interest Due and Accrued, etc		185,519 23
Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over cost		235,097 87
Gross Assets, January 1, 1893		$20,828,693 29
LIABILITIES:		
Death Claims reported, but awaiting proof	$118,949 00	
Reserve at 4 per cent. to Re-insure Risks	17,919,451 00	
Surplus on Unreported Policies, etc	146,043 48	
Surplus, 4 per cent basis	2,023,049 81	20,828,693 29
New Business of the Year: 10,019 Policies for		$23,074,552 00
Insurance Outstanding December 31, 1892, 44,614 Policies for		117,125,419 00

TRUSTEES.

William H. Kern,	Howard Hinchman,	John Scott,	Harry P. West,
James O. Pease,	William H. Rawn,	Charles J. Field,	Lincoln K. Passmore,
Joseph M. P. Price,	Atwood Smith,	Robert Dornan,	George K. Johnson,
Ellwood Johnson,	John H. Watt,	R. Allison Miller,	Joseph Bosler,
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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for February contains a large variety of articles, some of them finely illustrated. All of them of the utmost value and interest to those devoted to scientific progress. Published at New York.

"Lippincott's" for February gives as its complete story, "The First Flight," by Julien Gordan. The miscellaneous articles are of the usual high character.

"Wide Awake" for February is a particularly rich and entertaining number. The illustrated Columbus article, with photographs of the places in Spain made memorable by him, is of special value and interest. Published at Boston.

MAKING CANDY AT HOME.

Try a candy party and see if you do not enjoy yourself more than you had ever done before at such an affair. Why? Because at your novel candy party you are going to make some very nice candy and conduct the party on regularly organized principles that will insure its success.

The materials required for the candy party are ten pounds of confectioner's sugar—obtainable at any grocer's—five strictly fresh eggs, a cake of chocolate, half a pound of dates, a small quantity of desiccated cocoanut, some vanilla flavoring and a few drops of peppermint or wintergreen.

You have now on hand the ingredients for fifteen or more pounds of candy—much more than you care to make, no doubt—so you may, if you please, get only half the quantity of sugar. But it is more satisfactory to work with the larger quantity.

Let the mistress of ceremonies break the five eggs into a big earthen bowl, and then, without beating the eggs, add to them an equal quantity of water. Now begin to stir in the sugar. It should be added a cupful at a time until the candy mixture is so stiff that the arm of the stirrer refuses to perform its task.

This is the critical part of French candy making. It should be so stiff that it will stand alone, like brocaded velvet.

Now add a little vanilla flavoring to the compound, and let the amount of vanilla be determined upon by the couple you have designed at the beginning of the evening to act as "tasters."

All hands now fall at work upon the mixture in the bowl. It must be quickly and deftly molded into chocolate drops, each one of which is quickly stirred in the melted chocolate by the couple presiding over the chocolate pan.

When enough chocolate drops have been made and set away upon glazed paper to cool a cupful of the mixture is taken out and mixed with with the desiccated cocoanut, and then rolled into cakes by the couple appointed to look after the interests of the cocoanut candy. Little balls of the sugar mixture are pressed into the stoneless dates to make the "cream" dates of the candy store, and balls of it are pressed closely between the halves of English walnuts for "cream" or French walnuts.

If peppermint drops are desired or wintergreen lozenges, a portion of the mixture may be flavored with these essences instead of with vanilla.

SOMETIME ago an old man fell by the roadside near Kensington, England. Several persons witnessed the fall, and all, except one young woman, concluded that he was drunk, and therefore unworthy of attention. The young woman, whose name is Birch, went to his aid and saw him safely home. A few weeks ago the old man died, and in his will he bequeathed to Miss Birch $750,000. This would seem to prove that it pays to discriminate on the side of the apparently afflicted, even though in the great majority of cases the object of solicitude may be unworthy.

THE latest novelty in the use of electricity has been devised in Ottawa. The electric current is utilized for the abstraction of heat from cast-iron blocks until their temperature is reduced below the freezing point. The blocks are then used as substitutes for ice. The cost of refrigeration by this method is said to compare favorably with the cost for natural or manufactured ice.

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Humorous.

THE SERENADER.

He sang beneath the window dark,
In a tenor voice pitched shrilly high,
In a tone that drowned the watch-dog's bark,
"Give me the girl with a bright black eye."

There arose before him a form immense;
There happened a thud and a swaleful swirl,
And he carried away, as he leaped the fence,
A bright black eye, but nary a girl.

—U. N. NONE.

A Request.

Maiden, whispering: "Is that you, George?"

Serenader, who has been blowing love music for the last half hour: "Ah! At last, my darling, 'tis you! Yes, 'tis your own George."

Maiden, still whispering: "Well, George, won't you go away? Charlie Bonds is in here and is about to propose, and I'm afraid your music disconcerts him."

A play-bill—Shakspeare.

A word and a blow—Wind.

The reason figures won't lie is because they always stand for something.

Carver: "I'm but a hewer of wood." Marine painter: "And I but a drawer of water."

We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of craft upon the land as there is upon the water.

He: "And, darling, what does your father think of my suit?" She, sobbing: "He thinks it is a mistake."

The cat has nine lives, which shows that nature had a pretty fair idea of what the cat would have to go through.

They are variegated fooleries; they are sultry stupidities; they are elaborated funeral processions, marching with melancholy step between rows of pies and cakes and ice-cream. Such is a dyspeptic's opinion of evening parties.

Mother: "Willie, don't you know it's very wrong to play with your soldiers on Sunday?"

Willie: "But, mamma, this is the Salvation Army."

Guest: "Why do you print your bill of fare in French?"

Fashionable restaurateur: "Because I want my patrons to think that I think they can read it."

"Blinkins tells me he has a leading part in the company he is with."

"Yes, he's with an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, and he takes the bloodhounds to and from the theatre."

Wickwire: "You seem to be in trouble, Lushforth!"

Jaggs Lushforth: "I yum. I've only got $1 left, and if I spend it for hack fare I'll be too sober to enjoy my sleep, and if I blow it in for booze I'll be too full to walk home. Oh, it's awful!"

Little daughter, coaxingly: "Please, please, papa, can I drive?"

Father, wearied out by her teasing and beginning to get angry: "How many times do you want me to say 'no?'"

"I don't want you to say no at all, papa; I want you to say yes.'"

"What dentist made your teeth for you?"

"Those are my own teeth. No dentist made them!" was the indignant reply.

"You don't say so? How deceptive they are. They look as nice as the best kind of false teeth. What a wonderful thing nature is!"

"There is one thing I dread," remarked Johnson, "and that is a premature burial."

"Don't worry about that," replied Brown; "the thing is impossible."

"Why so?"

"There's no danger of your being buried too soon."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

I doubt if any such pretty goods for summer dresses were ever made before. If there have been, they have not come under my observation. The girl who will not look beautiful in them is to be sincerely pitied. There is a sort of gauze of silk, strong and with considerable body, which is changeable, and some of the patterns seem to have at least four colors, so that they become opalescent in different lights.

Besides these there are the daintiest of ginghams with silk threads, so that the goods is quite a novelty and is soft and pliable and will wash like cotton. There will be a large amount of glace silk worn for house dresses, and they are seen both changeable and plain and with brocaded broken patterns and swivel weave flowers. Some of the brocades have changeable grounds.

But nothing is as pretty as the silk muslins, and everything goes to show that for summer dresses they will be the first favorite. I saw one with a white silk underdress, and around the bottom was a flounce of silk muslin in iridescent shades of purple, green, red and gold, with a hint of blue in some lights and a frost of white in others. A full gathered waist and a plain, full skirt were made over the slip. There were hemmed and gathered caps to the puffed sleeves, and in the neck there were laid narrow folds of the same. The belt consisted of a hemmed sash of the silk muslin, three yards long, which tied in the back. The sleeves reach the wrists and end in a ruffle.

The neck is left square, but for outdoors there is a little ruffled cape which covers the neck and makes of it a high necked gown. With this style the hair is dressed in Greck mode.

I have been thus careful in this description, as I was informed that this style, with some modifications or changes, would form the basis of all summer gowns—viz., the skirts will be full, gathered at the waists, made to stand out well at the bottom by means of flounces, and the waists will be as nearly like this model as possible.

White gowns, gingham ones, chambrays and grenadines, all will have full waists, puffed sleeves and no end of ruffles. These ruffles are hemmed plain or with a French rolled hem, and gathered loosely. The wider ones will be cut on the straight and the narrower ones on the bias, and these latter are more suitable for the French rolled hem.

The chambray and silk gingham next to silk will be the nicest summer dress, and they will be made with as minute care as if of the most expensive material. The chambrays will have fine lace patterns laid on flat or inserted and the under part cut away, which gives a grace and lightness to the gown that are very pleasing.

Nearly all summer gowns for young ladies will be low in the neck, and small capes will be made of the dress material to go with each gown, which will cover the neck and furnish a collar.

COMING EASTER BONNETS.

I was told by a friend who lives in Paris, in a recent letter, that high collars are going out, and that in a short time it will be a daring lady who wears a high collar to her dresses. One reason for this is that the high collars injure the skin on the neck and make it rough and pimply, but it will require some strength of mind to leave them off at once. Probably it will come to pass during the summer months.

My friend also wrote me that chignons, or waterfalls, as they were called some thirty years ago, are coming into fashion again. Alas, for women who have headaches! They are the most awkward, ridiculous and unbecoming things possible to imagine. They were contemporaneous with hoops, which the French call "malakoffs," and if we are afflicted with hoops I suppose we will bend the head under the weight of the disease breeding, hair destroying and headache provoking jute chignon. Oh, dear me! Why can't women be sensible?

The new wraps are very pretty—that is, the most of them are. I saw one to-day exactly in the shape of a shawl and lined with lilac satin. The outside was of prune camel's hair.

But, ah, the Easter bonnets! I have just been reveling in bonnets all this week until I dream of them, and a few I divide with you, dear sister. The lower right hand one is of black velvet as to brim, with white satin shirred crown and black velvet ribbons encircling it. White satin ribbons and an osprey and black feather trim it, all but the fall of lace all around, which is narrower at the point in front.

The one directly above it is a tiny velvet disk covered with speckled birds' wings; the bonnet in the lower left hand corner is a mite of a pagoda in white velvet, black jet and an osprey plume starting from tiny pink tips. Black velvet strings tie under the chin. The other hat is a vandyked velvet, with a small peaked crown, and from this curls two black tips. The points are turned upward.

I chose these as being the most striking examples of different styles, but I assure you that all these and many more after their kind will see the light on Easter day and not before, except when the sweet and gentle owner can't live any longer without just one more "trying on" to be sure that it is becoming.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Mashed Turnips.—Peel one quart of young turnips, quarter and wash, boil in three quarts of salted water till tender; drain all water off, mash and put back to saucepan; add one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon of corn starch, dissolved in one cup of cold milk; salt and pepper to taste, and boil five minutes longer.

Rolls.—Two quarts of flour, one large tablespoonful of sugar, one of lard and some of butter. Add one pint of cold boiled milk, a little salt and one coffee cup of good yeast. Let it stand over night, without kneading. In the morning place it on a board and knead well fifteen minutes; put in pan again and let rise; when light, roll out quite thin and bake slowly.

Puff Paste.—Take half a cup of butter and half a cup of lard, and chop into this four cups of prepared flour (flour into which four small teaspoons of baking powder have been sifted). Add half a saltspoon of salt, and mix with enough milk to roll the dough out easily. Do not have the dough hard. Handle it as little as possible. This may be made the basis for all delicate pastry.

Rice Pie.—Roast a piece of beef and let it get cold. Chop about three pounds of it very fine, and put in a saucepan with a quart of water. Add a slice of fat salt pork chopped, a minced onion, a potato, plenty of seasoning and a dash of allspice. Boil until all is very tender. While this is cooking boil a pint of rice until well done. Stir into it half a can of tomatoes, a tablespoonful of butter and two hard-boiled eggs. Put the stewed meat into a deep dish, cover with the rice and tomatoes, sprinkle with pepper and bake until brown.

Chocolate Cake.—Beat six yolks with one cup of powdered sugar very light; add four grated squares of good chocolate, two tablespoons chopped almonds, one tablespoon raisins, stoned and cut fine, one tablespoon of fine cut citron, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, a pinch of ground cloves, the grated rind of one lemon and juice of half a lemon; beat well; add three-quarters cup cracker dust, one and a half teaspoons baking powder; mix thoroughly, and last stir in the well beaten whites of the six eggs; bake in well-buttered round pan for three-quarters of an hour in moderate oven; it is best to use a cake pan from which the ring can be taken off. When all cold take out of pan, sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar, or ice it and decorate with candied fruits.

Sandwiches.—Two or three kinds of meat, the accumulation from several meals, can be utilized for sandwiches most palatably. Remove all coarse fat and gristly pieces, add a bit of tongue or ham if possible to flavor, or chopped parsley if the children like it, and afterwards seasoning it with salt only, spread between thin pieces of home-made bread, brown or white, or both. The success of sandwiches, to children as well as elders, is in their making. Thick pieces of alum-risen bread choke little throats as quickly as big. Jam, raisin (stoned and split), date and fig sandwiches are all acceptable to small fry, and are wholesome sweets; maple sugar is considered an especially delicious filling by them, and even plain granulated sugar has done duty, by way of variety, with great success.

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8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.35 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Ilyers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.55, 8.30, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pilot or two-hour fast line), 8.38, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.05 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.15, 3.35, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 5.15, 6.10, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 8.00 8.30 9.30, 11.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Cresson, 6.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 5.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.30 a m, 4.45, 4.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 629 South Third street, and 1840 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

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